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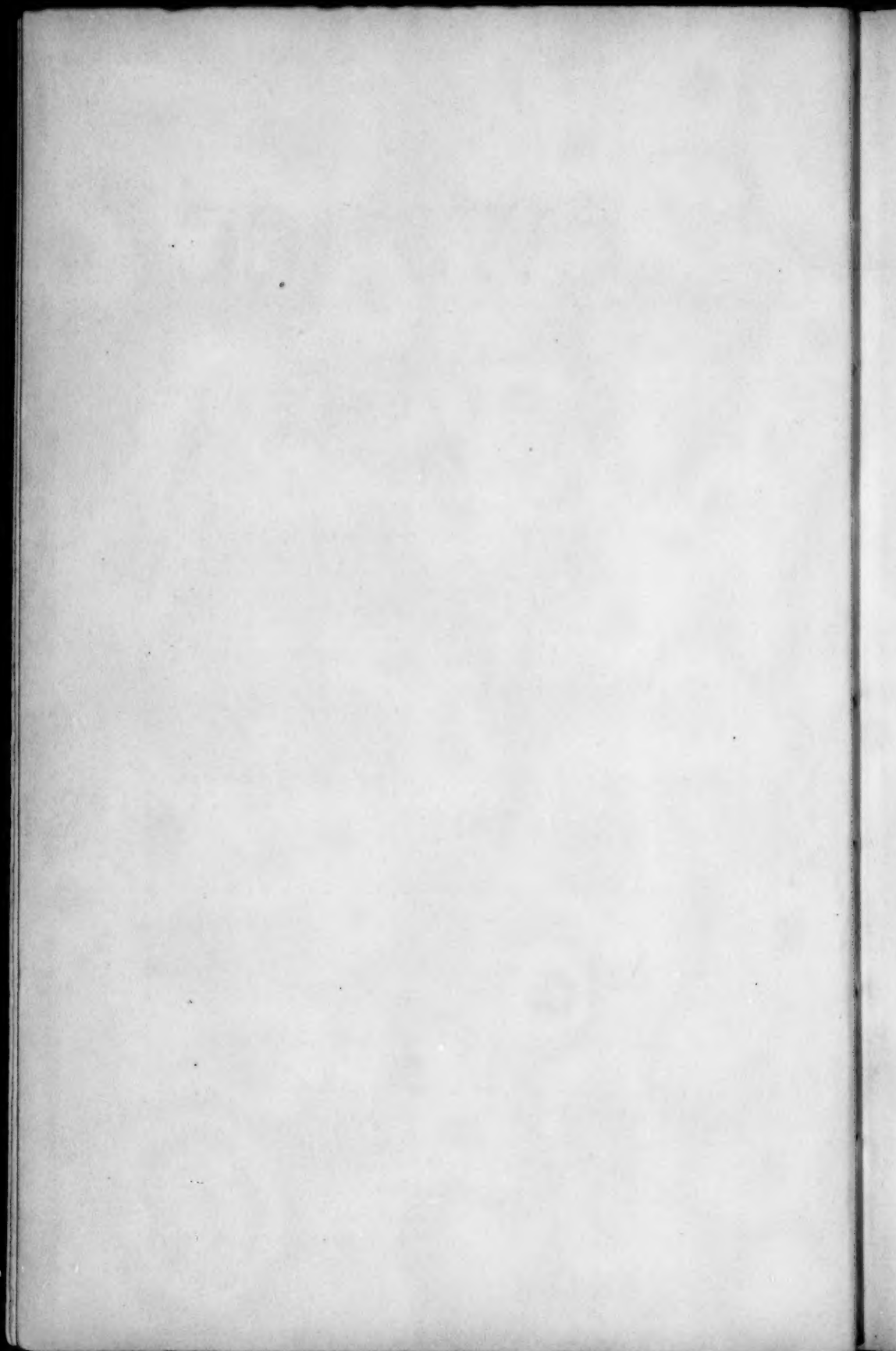
EDITED BY
WILLIAM S. KNICKERBOCKER

January-March, 1931

CONFUSION AMONG THE CRITICS.....	<i>John A. Clark</i>
T. S. ELIOT.....	<i>W. E. Collin</i>
D. H. LAWRENCE.....	<i>Dayton Kohler</i>
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The Oldest Living Literary
Quarterly in America
The Sewanee Review
will be forty years old next year

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"I know of nothing in the country that has exactly the same function as THE SEWANEE REVIEW, and it is a function of very great importance. . . . We have nothing like the English Reviews, to view the world a little more 'sub specie æternitatis'. This THE SEWANEE REVIEW aims to do and does creditably."—GAMALIEL BRADFORD



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Marcel Proust and His Jewish Characters.....*S. A. Rhodes*
The Fastidiousness of Katherine Mansfield.....*Sidney Cox*
A French Critic on Keats.....*E. K. Brown*
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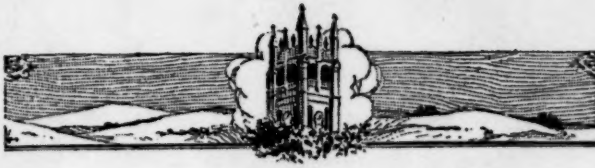
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La SEWANEE REVIEW fondée en 1892 ne peut rester ignorée de ceux qui s'intéressent au mouvement des idées en Amérique. La lecture de ce périodique trimestriel fera revenir plus d'un sur son opinion d'une Amérique exclusivement commercial et philistine. C'est un spectacle reconfortant de voir un groupe d'américains sincères et cultivés lutter pour créer une tradition qui puise sa force dans l'épississement des plus hautes facultés de l'individu. Le combat est rude, mais il semble mené avec indépendance, enthousiasme et foi. La tâche de la revue est constructive et destructive, et alors son attitude est large et impersonnelle.

"Ce qui semble préoccuper surtout les collaborateurs de la SEWANEE REVIEW c'est la question du développement intégral de toutes les richesses potentielles de l'individu. Au nom de ce grand et noble principe ils s'en prennent à tout ce qui est étroit, mesquin, limité et à tout ce qui entrave le libre jeu de l'esprit."

—F. DELATTE in *Revue belge de Philologie*, Avril, 1930.

VOL. XXXIX]

[No. 1

Sewanee Review

JANUARY-MARCH, 1931

by John A. Glark

CONFUSION AMONG THE CRITICS

THE status of American poetry today, as seen by many of its critics, is anything but a cause for rejoicing. A large number of them blame the poets for the very noticeable decline in the production of noteworthy verse. Some blame the public. Others blame neither the poet nor the public, but rather the age: given an age which sets a high value on these external phases of existence; and, what is most important of all, given a country which makes the attainment of these ponderable objectives relatively easy—poetry languishes. And there are still others who declare that our tragedy resides in the fact that we have grown up; that we know too much about everything to feel deeply about anything.

Assuming, then, that something *is* wrong with our present-day poetry, and further assuming that not one but many factors entering both into the process of production and the process of reception must bear the responsibility, let us turn our attention to the examination of a few of the more pertinent criticisms of American poetry taken as a body.

By 1925, although there was much free, and even more libertine, verse being written and printed, the "new poetry" movement was dated. Once an active, life-giving ferment, it had in later years degenerated into an attitude. Only the fervor of its decadence remained. Two years later an editorial in the *Saturday Review* painted a depressing picture. It noted that poetry was becoming subjective again, tenuously subtle and distressingly ego-

istic. Our poetry was more esoteric, more facile, but less strong. Only a few years before poetry had been alive and kicking, a vital art grounded in experience; now it was fast being reduced to the level of an aesthetic exercise, practiced by cliques and coteries. The writer attributed this sorry condition to the fact that poets were now writing for a precariously restricted audience—themselves. What was even more regrettable, they had taken to reviewing each other's verse, and indulgence not only exasperating to readers but detrimental to the creation of first-rate poetry and authentic poetry criticism. Poetry was being devitalized and rendered suspect by a nauseous excess of uncritical praise, undeserved protection, and unwise pampering. It had become the "spoiled child of the arts".

With such poetry being turned out under such conditions, there should be no cause for wonder at the disproportionate popularity of outlines of everything under the sun, realistic fiction and drama, and the "new biography". Poetry is losing contact with a prose-minded public which demands (in this fourth decade) meat and substance in its reading matter, clearly and simply presented.

Vachel Lindsay, speaking for the poet, blamed the current slump in poetry on the schools and colleges of our land which prescribe poetry as something "to be done" like Geometry and Latin. "There is no word in America more hated than the word 'poet'", he declared. "This is because poems have been used to punish students in grammar and high school; and as they grow up, in college and university. Standard poems are rubbed in like salt from the day the poor youngsters can read at all. This will continue indefinitely unless all poetry is thrown out of the grammar schools, high schools, colleges and universities, and poetry becomes a volunteer game, as baseball and football are—something to be discovered out of study hours." Lindsay also has nothing good to say for the "art store panel of the portraits of dead poets" or for anthologies of poetry which "give the general impression that poetry is cold soup". Furthermore, he believes that it is utterly impossible for a poet to make a decent living from the income on his verse: "all poets of forty-six do two men's work and cheerfully expect to. Most of the wives do their own washing and the poet cheerfully hangs it to dry."

Babette Deutsch (who seems to have cornered the poetry-reviewing market), writing of the poet's plight in America, is equally pessimistic. She takes pains to make it clear that she is voicing the opinion of other poets as well as her own when she declares that poetry is not what it used to be. "Time was", she recalls, "when verse was flowering from North of Boston to the country of the corn-huskers, covering the slabs of the sun-burnt west with beauty, and springing up out of the very mud of the stockyard . . . Why, only ten years ago, was the reading of verse so common? Why, today, don't people read it? And why do other people still feel the compulsion to go on writing it?" The gist of her answer to these question is this: "The bootlegger's patron finds escape in the bootlegger's offering; the movie fan finds it in the spreading custard pie; innocent youth finds it in chasing the pigskin; ladies of leisure find it in the confections of the Michael Arlen school. As contrasted with these means of liberation, poetry is utterly negligible . . . Poetry, in fine, is not a release at all, but a discipline." What an old-fashioned ring has all this. And she is partly right: poetry is a discipline; but the question that readers and critics of poetry are ever ever more fond of asking at the present time is, "But is the quarry worth the questing?"

In a recent number of *The Forum*, Gustav Davidson, surveying the changing status of poetry in its relation to man, states the case for the reader: "No. Poetry has not fallen. It has not even slipped. The truth is, poetry is still at the heart of the world, animating it in all its multiple and dazzlingly far-flung endeavors. For poetry is being written today not merely in the rhythm of ductile dactyls and spattering spondees, but in the rhythm of zeppelins, span-bridges, automats and jazz bands. The poet who centuries ago used *terza rima* or Homeric hexameters as the anvil on which he struck forth divine sparks, uses today the laboratory and blue print, the ticker and tabulator. These are the modern fulcra for moving the world and making it dance."

If it is true that something is wrong with American poetry just now, as goodly amount of testimony from the poets and the critics (and inferentially from the public) would indicate, then signs of

this falling off will of necessity be found in the poetry being written today.

A most refreshingly candid and uncompromising critique of American poetry appeared anonymously in the *New Republic* in 1926. The "new poetry" movement which loomed up so promisingly twelve years ago, has, in this writer's opinion [felt by many to have been Emund Wilson], left a train of disillusion and disappointment in its wake. "Who can believe in its heroes now?" queries this literary executioner. Edgar Lee Masters has done only one creditable thing, *Spoon River*. Lindsay's work at its best is spoiled by the "incurable cheapness and looseness which are rampant in the rest of his work." While admiring Sandburg's "real instinct for language", our critic finds on reading him that he is quite uninteresting, his emotions meager, and his ideas all too obvious. The work of Amy Lowell is characterized as being like "a great empty cloisonne jar", and that of Mr. Fletcher "a great wall of hard descriptive prose mistaken for poetry". The writer thinks that Robert Frost is the most overrated poet of the pioneer group. Stony words these: "Robert Frost has a thin but authentic vein of poetic sensibility, but he is excessively dull and writes abominable verse." He gives H. D. credit for writing well, but, as in the instance of Sandburg, he can discover little in her. The new generation of women lyric poets are found to be more satisfying and genuinely distinctive. Sara Teasdale, Elinor Wylie, Louise Bogan, Leonie Adams, Genevieve Taggard, Babette Deutsch, Laura Gottschalk, and Dorothy Parker are all lauded in varying degree, but it is Edna Millay who is given the crown of laurel. Among men, the writer acknowledges his preference for E. A. Robinson and T. S. Eliot. Of them he says: "Though he [Robinson] has recently run much into the sands of long and arid blank verse narratives, I believe that he is one of the poets of our time most likely to survive as an American classic. Both he and Eliot despite the disappointing tendency of their poetic motors to get stalled, despite their exasperating hypochondrias of the soul, have had the authentic lyric gift and artist's mastery of it."

Gorham B. Munson, one of the younger converts to the Paul Elmer More and Irving Babbitt brand of humanism, wrote of Robinson in 1927: "Mr. Robinson is now our best living repre-

sentative of this negative polarity of New England, but the vitality and dimensions of what he has to utter have shrunk. His work, that is to say, suggests that bleak monotonous season that lies between the dying brilliance of autumn and the white death of winter." Mr. Robinson's shorter, less pretentious poems were far more to Mr. Munson's liking than his longer ones like *Merlin* and *Lancelot*. And Edmund Wilson in the same year on almost the same date had this to say: ". . . But with all respect for a fine poet and for one of the few really honorably won American reputations of our time, I would still give the whole of Mr. Robinson's Arthurian cycle, with its conventional romantic stage properties of un recreated castles, seas and wars and its false starts at passionate expression always foundering in 'before we knew what we were yet to see' and 'until we saw as far as we should know', for a single one of his New England elegies."

Isabel Patterson wrote in the now defunct *McNaught's Monthly of Tristram*: "What Mr. Robinson's admirers praise in him is his prose quality, in which, barring the terminology they are right. If he had sufficient invention—and perhaps he has, unutilized—he could write an excellent modern novel . . . But when I look for lines of which one may say, 'That is unforgettable, immortal', I cannot find them."

It is altogether obvious that the poets, Mr. Robinson in particular, against whom judgment has been assessed by a few presumably honest but unconvinced critics, have not been given a wholly fair hearing. But criticism, severe and for the most part adverse, has been chosen to the exclusion of more favorable and perhaps more just varieties, for the very reason that it is not truly representative of the critical attitude at large toward these major poets and prophets of the "new poetry" movement. This general critical attitude ranges in degrees of appreciation from the patently spiteful and vindictive, on through the mildly apologetic to the rankly lush and indiscriminating, and is therefore of slight value, throwing little or no light on the actual condition of American poetry. To discover aberrations and ailments it is often necessary to go to the brutally frank. Fortunately, the fact remains whether or not the better established reputations in American poetry have been losing ground during the past few years, a large and "pro-

missing" crop of "minor" poets continue in the service of the Muse. And that is leaving out of account men like Robinson Jeffers, William Ellery Leonard, and Stephen Vincent Benet, too.

II

The cry for a strictly indigenous type of American poetry is an old, old cry and one that seemingly will never down. Just what such thoroughly native poetry would be like has never been satisfactorily explained. Throughout practically the whole of the nineteenth century this nugget of admonition formed no small part of the typical British critic's stock in trade when the subject under discussion was a new volume of American poetry. The poetry of Whitman and Miller, and the verse of Harte went a long way toward meeting these exacting requirements as they had been formulated by critical voices across the sea.

Near the end of the last century, this call for poetry unmistakably and indelibly American began to be sent out under native auspices. It became the slogan of America's coming-of-age movement in literature and art of the present century. Today the call to take up literary arms against England in particular and the world in general in the name of our national cultural integrity is less often heard but nevertheless more subtly, intensely, and widely felt. But even though it were desirable, it is extremely doubtful whether American poetry will ever be produced which is one hundred per-cent pure. And assuming that such poetry is possible, whose word could we take that it *was* so? As a writer in the *Nation* recently remarked, we are now and then advised by certain enthusiasts to seek out our really native past among the Indians, with whom spiritually we have hardly more in common than with the Hottentot. Such misconceptions of what "native" literature is or should be are taken a great deal more seriously than they deserve.

But when Charles A. Beard points out, as so many others have pointed out before him, that a young Machine Age must create its own art patterns attuned to its own peculiar tempo and rhythm if it is to be valid; when W. L. Werner, commenting on an analysis of American literature by Norman Foerster, declares that "Realism and Romanticism are stale and unscientific distinctions"; when

Mary Colum says that "Struggling to apply these terms [Romanticism and Classicism] somehow to American literature may supply an interesting course in intellectual gymnastics, but for any literature produced in this country up to the present they have no real or practicable application"; when Lewis Mumford, anent the critical philosophies of More, Babbitt, and Foerster, says that "To anyone with a strong sense of what the classics are, the notion of the Romantic movement as an aberration of the mind is one of the funniest that has imposed itself upon the scholarly imagination"—when such statements are made we should pay them the courtesy of respectful attention at least, indicating as they do a healthy impatience with inappropriate, if not necessarily outmoded, critical measuring rods. It is possible, however, to carry this pursuit of things indigenous to an unprofitable extreme. The "Americanism" of Vachel Lindsay is an example in point.

Joseph Warren Beach, vigorously stressing our need for an American literature bolder, more original, and more truly reflective of American life, remarks that "In fiction, perhaps, and certainly in poetry, our prayers are being answered, and we have at least a Frost, a Masters, and a Sandburg to offer as the first fruits of a new age. These are authors representative, distinctly American in flavor, and full of invention in form and style." Right or wrong, Mr. Beach's commentary comes as a relief simply by reason of the fact that he has seen fit to omit from consideration in this connection the author of *General Booth* and *The Congo*. During the past few years it has become a critical custom, almost religiously observed not only in this country but abroad, to direct all seekers after the poetic embodiment of the American essence to the poetry of Vachel Lindsay. Edgar Lee Masters calls Lindsay "a plant native to the Lincoln country, more native to it than any other American writer"; Herbert S. Gorman conceives of him as the pivotal point "in the future of our autochthonous verse"; H. Phelps Putnam senses in his work "the swing of emotion in jagged lines which catalogue not ships but the states of this Union"; Louis Untermeyer sees his catholicity as "representative of a great part of his country"; and we could go on. Let it suffice to bring discussion of this particular phase of current criticism of poetry to a close by citing the opinions of a few critics

seemingly out of sympathy with this overworked practice of attaching to the work of certain of our poets (Mr. Lindsay's almost exclusively) the tag "Strictly Native".

Chauncey B. Tinker, committed to the position that "universality has been a mark of poetry throughout the ages" and believing that American poets will some day "wake from their dream of a sublime poetry which smacks of Americanism and owes nothing to Europe" says: "Suppose that Mr. Lindsay and his native urge should fail us after all? Suppose, in short, that there were to be no indigenous poetry—none, that is, with any readers? We have an architecture that is all our own. We have given to the world a kind of building, soaring, incredible, American, that serves as an emblem of our very soul. Is it impossible that we should strike out an American poetry that is as incontestably our own?"

Quoting a recently made statement of Edward Davidson's to the effect that Mr. Lindsay "is in fact the most American of American of American poets", Arthur Colton comments as follows: "It [this standardized attitude toward Lindsay] involves much the same confusion as once proclaimed Whitman 'At last, the American poet!' These two poets seem to the average Englishman 'American', because they seem to him boisterous, disheveled, and odd. But that is much the way they seem to an average American, who is not fond of oddity or disheveled boisterousness. It was Longfellow and not Whitman who appealed to him, and I suspect more of us Americans are like Mr. Frost or Mr. Masters, than are like Mr. Lindsay. Perhaps not. I suspect at least that they have more readers."

Ellen Glasgow's reaction to this situation is flavored with a deal of irony: "Mr. Robinson, it seems, is less American because he is aware of the classics; Mr. Frost is less American because he has brushed the hem of Wordsworth's philosophy; but it is worthy of remark that when Mr. Lindsay breaks into 'The boom of the blood-lust song' and thumps the loud African drum he is not barbaric, he is not even foreign—he is merely being 'the most American of American poets'."

After the term "Americanism" has been adequately defined to the complete satisfaction of all, this critical haze now enveloping the literary landscape will be dispelled—perhaps.

III

Anyone who has followed magazine verse rather closely during the past few years knows that "upper-bracket" poetry is being woven out of very subtle strands of imagery and thought. That it is more refined, more technically sound no one will deny. But that it is better poetry a great many do not believe. There is something missing. Current poetry lacks those qualities, it seems, which have endeared it to the hearts and recommended it to the minds of normally sensitive and intelligent readers through the centuries. During those vibrant "renaissance" years poetry fired and nourished, crude and sprawling though it often was; but now it has given up its yawpish, prize-ring ways and thrown in its lot with the intelligentsia. The native Muse, once a "country cousin", has quit roaming the city streets and has sought philosophic serenity indoors. The term "metaphysical" used merely in a historically poetic sense might be justifiably applied to the kind of verse that is so popular with the poets at present. Many respected critics, at an any rate, express themselves as feeling when reading current verse of this kind much as the person to whom metaphysics was "the seeking by a blind man in a dark alley of a black cat that isn't there".

This poetry of "ideas" is too obscure and indefinite, too fine spun and cold for most appetites. As a reaction against the unquestionable practice of overloading verse with ethical and social baggage it is to be commended; as an attempt to go behind the obvious, to explore the uncharted shades of intellect and the senses, it has its points; and we agree with these earnest adventurers into thin air when they come out warmly against the exploitation of feelings, ready made and all too often cheap and banal. The only question that cannot apparently be resolved away is, But what of the price that is being paid?

A portentous number of papers touching if not directly attacking this particular aspect of contemporary poetry have appeared in the course of the past few months.

I. A. R. Wylie in a recent *Century* article, disturbingly titled "Twilight Among the Authors", says: "It is easy to depict ourselves as being entirely concerned with bonds, radios, motor cars, soda fountains and the latest labor-saving devices . . . It is still

easier to depict man as a sort of intellectual and emotional Ford car with standardized emotions, complexes, and reactions . . . It is not so easy to depict man as a lost son of God, baffled, confused, tormented and self-tormenting, but none the less heroically battling his way through to his unknown goal. That is why there are so few poets."

Henry Seidel Canby sees the current almost insatiable hunger for a literature of knowledge not altogether an unmixed blessing. This over-emphasis upon knowing at the expense of feeling and imagining may be clear-sighted, he admits, but it is shortsighted as well. Most of the best poetry in our day, he notes, is analytical and ironic. Man frustrate is the ever-recurring theme. When the poet makes some contribution to scientific knowledge he is almost in tune with the age. "Either poetry bows to the modern need for more knowledge of the creative man, or it is a literature of the minority, not in strong rebellion against short-sighted success, like Whitman, Browning, Emerson, but plaintive, esoteric, and expecting no world acceptance." In Mr. Canby's opinion "Bankers, manufacturers, and engineers have usurped a creative leadership which belongs to education, morality, and art."

After drawing a convincing contrast between the poetry of Dryden, Pope, Gray, Goldsmith, and Byron,—poetry which so frequently achieved that rare union of "high literary distinction and wide popular appeal"—and the pervasively occult poetry of De La Mare, Lowell, Robinson, Yeats, A. E., Millay, and Frost, Chauncey B. Tinker closes with these words: "That we have much to admire and much to love in modern verse, I, who happen to be an enthusiast for all the poets of our day here mentioned, should be the last to deny. But I do not intend that my love of their somewhat exotic beauties should blind me to the plain fact that that very exoticism excludes from the world of readers many who should be happy citizens of it."

If modern poetry appears to be on the verge of severing all vital connections with earth and the man in the street—becoming a kind of sublimated disembodied intelligence—it must be due in part, at least, to causes over which the poet has little or no control. The post-war critical reaction to blustering formlessness helped materially, no doubt, to tone down extravagance and re-

habilitate the prestige of traditional verse forms (the sonnet is very popular with poets at present). It is also true that much deflation-period criticism of poetry explicitly recommended a turning away from "externals", exhorting the poet to explore the black midnights and cold twilights of the soul. But to attribute to criticism of this nature full responsibility for a flood of poetry which shows symptoms of being a creative end process of such criticism is risky. More than likely both this criticism and this poetry were brought up together on the same husks: both are surface manifestations of a common spiritual malady against the ravages of which a Machine Age has as yet found no antidote.

Just as many religionists see Science as the arch-destroyer of religious values, so that astute psychologist-critic, I. A. Richards, sees Science making devastating inroads upon the creative spirit of the poet. In 1926 he thus summed up the dilemma: "Suddenly, not long ago, he [man] began to get genuine knowledge on a large scale. The process went faster and faster; it snowballed. Now he has to face the fact that the edifices of supposed knowledge, with which he has for so long buttressed his attitudes, will no longer stand up, and, at the same time, he has to recognize 'that pure knowledge is neutral as regards his aims, that it has no direct bearing upon what he should feel, or what he should attempt to do.'"

The close kinship which exists between the poetic mood and the religious attitude has been remarked from time immemorial. Robert Lynd, writing in the September, 1928, number of the *Atlantic*, endeavors to show that literature declines because it has outgrown the Canterbury of Chaucer and the Olympus of Homer. He says: "My own belief—and there is some evidence for it—is that literature begins to go to the dogs as soon as Earth becomes restive and declares its independence of Heaven. In the great ages of literature, Earth was, if not a suburb of Heaven, a subject kingdom."

And Oswald Spengler, that much maligned, much pilfered from, much misunderstood, but withal much respected, analyst of the peculiar ways and wheretos of cultures and civilizations, who has probably ranged more widely and plumbed more deeply in this matter than has anyone else of his time, might be worth listening to. "To birth belongs death", he says, "to youth age, to life gene-

rally its form and its allotted span. The present is a civilized, emphatically not a cultured time, and *ipso facto* a great number of life-capacities fall out as impossible. This may be deplorable, and may be and will be deplored in pessimist philosophy and poetry, but it is not in our power to make otherwise. It will not be—already it is not—permissible to defy clear historical experience and expect, merely because we hope, that this will spring or that will flourish . . . We are civilized, not Gothic or Rococo, people; we have to reckon with the hard cold facts of a *late* life, to which the parallel is to be found not in Pericles's Athens but in Caesar's Rome. Of great painting or great music there can no longer be, for Western people, any question. Their architectural possibilities have been exhausted these hundred years. Only *extensive* possibilities are left to them . . . And I can only hope that of the new generation may be moved by this book to devote themselves to techniques instead of lyrics, the sea instead of the paint-brush, and politics instead of epistemology. Better they could not do."

A gloomy outlook, indeed. Should we try to be unlike that hypothetical individual of Spengler's "who, standing before an exhausted quarry, would rather be told that a new vein will be struck tomorrow—the bait offered by the radically false and mannerized art of the moment—than be shown a rich and virgin clay-bed nearby?", or should we try to give the lie to such an attitude by pointing hopefully, if not confidently, to such recent manifestations, and perchance, auguries, as *Tristram*, *The King's Henchman*, *Two Lives*, Negro spirituals, Indian epics, poetry of the range and prairie, *The American Songbag*, and *John Brown's Body*?

by *W. E. Collin*

T. S. Eliot

OF THE two kinds of poets, those who faithfully record reality and those who widen the domain of reality, Mr. Eliot prefers the second. The greatest poet of this class is Dante, and in modern times Baudelaire. If we place Donne midway between them we have a triptych of poets who enrich human experience by widening the domain of reality.¹ In other words, Mr. Eliot is primarily interested in that kind of poetry which, since Dryden's time, we have called metaphysical. When, therefore, we come to look at his poetry we are not surprised to find him using all the little tricks indulged in by his favourite poets. Indeed the age in which we live, an age of research and invention in certain respects similar to the age of Donne, is being reflected in poetry which of necessity bears resemblances to that of the metaphysical poets. But Mr. Eliot is living in the twentieth century and a study of his method will show that he has not only assimilated the seventeenth century metaphysicals but also Laforgue; a study of the substance of his poetry will show that besides the philosophy of the past centuries he has tried to assimilate the neo-realism and the anthropological research of the twentieth. Of no poet to-day could the words of Dr. Johnson be used more aptly: "To write on their plan it was at least necessary to read and think."² He makes us read and think.

Mr. Eliot supplements Dr. Johnson's estimate of the metaphysical poets; he sees behind the poets their outlook on life, and in the poets, a power of assimilating "disparate experience" and transmuting learning into poetry. Nevertheless Johnson's essay is a fair presentation of their method which is part of Eliot's method.³

¹ See *Croniques*. Paris, 1927.

² On Cowley.

³ Mr. George Williamson, in *THE SEWANEE REVIEW*, 1927, has applied Eliot's critique of the metaphysical poets to Eliot's own poetry.

In Eliot we have combinations of "dissimilar images":

The worlds revolve like ancient women
Gathering fuel in vacant lots.

Midnight shakes the memory
As a madman shakes a dead geranium.

A "medical" comparison:

evening is spread out against the sky
like a patient etherized upon a table.

Chess is brought in at intervals:

She and the lady in the cape
Are suspect, thought to be in league;
Therefore the man with heavy eyes
Declines the gambit, shows fatigue. . . .

The kitchen smells:

The winter evening settles down
With smell of steak in passageways.

Baudelaire was capable of writing:

La nuit s'épaississait ainsi qu'une cloison

which is more tangible still.

Mr. Eliot's own commentary is: "The ordinary man falls in love, or reads Spinoza, and these two experiences have nothing to do with each other, or with the noise of the typewriter or the smell of cooking. In the mind of the poet these two experiences are always forming new wholes."

Telescoped images:

The yellow fog that rubs its back upon the window-panes.

They produce an atmospheric effect similar to that obtained by the French cubist, Pierre Reverdy. For example:

Le monde rentre dans un sac.

La rue est plafonnée de bleu.

Le soir couchant ferme une porte.

Les étoiles sont derrière le mur.

* *Homage to John Dryden.*

Reverdy creates new images, he also stirs up within his readers a feeling of expectancy, but his original quality is the manner in which he transfers the idea of motion or action from moving bodies to fixed bodies:

Devant le bateau immobile
c'est le port qui bouge.

And since there is a gale blowing through the work of Reverdy as there is sometimes through Eliot's:

La maison s'endort
Vide au milieu du vent.

Mr. Eliot:

I have no ghosts,
An old man in a draughty house
Under a windy knob.

As a sample of extended comparison we may quote again from "Prufrock" where the fog is likened to a cat which performs its accustomed ceremony before curling up and going to sleep:

The yellow fog that rubs its back upon the window-panes,
The yellow smoke that rubs its muzzle on the window-panes
Licked its tongue into the corners of the evening,
Lingered upon the pools that stand in drains,
Let fall upon its back the soot that falls from chimneys,
Slipped by the terrace, made a sudden leap,
And seeing that it was a soft October night,
Curled once about the house, and fell asleep.

The repetition is characteristic of Donne and Laforgue.

Of "geographical poetry" we have many specimens: The Straits of Belle Isle, The Horn, The Gulf, Mozambique.

Of "violent and unnatural fictions":

I saw the 'potamus take wing
Ascending from the damp savannas,
And quiring angels round him sing
The praise of God, in loud hosannas.

For an example of the "analytic" method, Mr. George Williamson has referred us to a passage in "Gerontion" which analyzes the efficacy of wisdom into disillusion of various sorts.

History has many cunning passages, contrived corridors
 And issues, deceives with whispering ambitions,
 Guides us by vanities. Think now
 She gives when our attention is distracted
 And what she gives, gives with such supple confusions
 That the giving famishes the craving. Gives too late
 What's not believed in, or if still believed,
 In memory only, reconsidered passion. Gives too soon
 Into weak hands, what's thought can be dispensed with
 Till the refusal propagates a fear.

In several places there is an atmosphere of mystery or "that effect of terror" which Eliot noticed in Bishop King's "Exequy" for example in "The Waste Land":

Who is the third who walks always beside you
 When I count there are only you and I together
 But when I look ahead up the white road
 There is always another one walking beside you
 Gliding wrapt in a brown mantle, hooded
 I do not know whether a man or a woman
 —But who is that on the other side of you?

Eliot "does not much inquire whether his allusions are to things high or low, elegant or gross":

The chair she sat in, like a burnished throne,
 Glowed on the marble . . .

It's them pills I took . . .

The macabre mood of Donne and Baudelaire is common to Eliot:

And breastless creatures under ground
 Leaned backward with a lipless grin.

White bodies naked on the low damp ground
 And bones cast in a little low dry garret,
 Rattled by the rat's foot only, year to year.

A current under sea
 Picked his bones in whispers . . .

Dead mountain mouth of carious teeth that cannot spit . . .

The public may like this poetry because it shocks, because it is a relief after dullness, or it may not. Eliot does not mind. Certain things we cover up or are silent about because we are afraid, Eliot brings them to the surface, as Baudelaire uncovered all that moves darkly in the mind of man living in great cities; in the

atmosphere of cheap hotels or restaurants, hospitals, areas, alleyways and canals with their accompanying smells and squalor.

The red eyed scavengers are creeping
From Kentish Town and Golders Green....

A rat crept softly through the vegetation
Dragging its slirry belly on the bank
While I was fishing in the dull canal....

Sometimes Eliot talks to himself, so do Laforgue and D. H. Lawrence, to give a more personal accent, a sense of stricter reality. Sometimes a conversation goes on in his poems (Guillaume Appollinaire seems to have invented this mannerism). For example, first style:

"I have saved this afternoon for you."

"So intimate, this Chopin, that I think his soul
Should be resurrected only among friends
Some two or three who will not touch the bloom
That is rubbed and questioned in the concert room."

Second style:

When Lil's husband got demobbed, I said.....

Third style, in French:

"Dans mon pays il fera temps pluvieux...."

Eliot has gone so far as to write poems in French (and Mr. Ernest Boyd has taken pains to correct his idiom).^{*} He plays with French sounds as he plays with the English:

With all the old nocturnal smells
that cross and cross across her brain.

La lune ne garde aucune rancune.

So also Verlaine:

C'est à cause du clair de la lune
Que j'assume ce masque nocturne
Et de Saturne penchant son urne
Et de ces lunes l'une après l'une.

And Max Jacob:

Dahlia! Dahlia! que Dalila lia.

Cet Allemand était fou d'art, de foulards
et de poulardes....

^{*}*Studies from Ten Literatures*. Scribner, 1925.

So also Corbière:

Coquelicot et calicot
pastille du sérail et ail,
paradis et radis,
Espagnole et Batignolles.

And Laforgue:

Ophélia, Cordélia, Lélia, Coppélia, Camélia.

ça s'avance par stances, dans les salves des
valves, en luxures sans césures, en surplus
apâlis qu'on abdique vers l'oblique des dérives
primitives.

Eliot's "Mélange adultère de tout" is a pastiche of one of Corbière's epitaphs which begins:

Mélange adultère de tout:
De la fortune et pas le sou....

It is probable, too, that "Whispers of Immortality" owes something Corbière's

Moreau—j'oublais. Hégésippe....

Un autre incompris: Lacenaire....

But of all the French poets he has cultivated, Eliot comes closest to the sentimental-metaphysical Laforgue. He may have thought of Laforgue when he wrote those lines concerning modern poetry: "It is not a permanent necessity that poets should be interested in philosophy, or in any other subject. We can only say that it appears likely that poets in our civilization, as it exists at present, must be *difficult*. Our civilization, comprehends great variety and complexity, and this variety and complexity, playing upon a refined sensibility, must produce various and complex results. The poet must become more and more comprehensive, more allusive, more indirect, in order to force, to dislocate if necessary, language into his meaning." All that may be said of Laforgue. He was a student of philosophy, he makes use of *l'Inconscient* as Eliot the *Abstract Entities*, he was consumptive and very sensitive, and he dislocated language in his poetry and prose. Mr. Williamson has spoken of "The Waste Land" in the

¹Homage to John Dryden.

same breath as Donne's "The Second Anniversary". It also recalls Laforgue's "Marche funèbre pour la mort de la Terre". And after Laforgue, Eliot brings into his poems snatches of popular songs, hymns, The New Testament, even The Lord's Prayer. The practice of quoting has become very common with poets,* Eliot has carried it to its absurd limit in "The Waste Land". We agree that "one of the qualities of a genuine poet is that in reading him we are reminded of remote predecessors and in reading his remote predecessors we are reminded of him"† but the cheap process which consists of directly quoting another poet's lines is hardly admirable. The French poet, Fagus, wrote about one of his own poems: "for its manufacture I have not ceased to pilfer, consciously, conscientiously, shamelessly", and he appears to crow because the critics have not noticed his borrowings.

Laforgue parodies well-known lines:

Célibat, célibat, tout n'est que célibat.

Stabilité! Stabilité! ton nom est Femme!

Tout est pour le mieux
Dans le meilleur des mi-carême!

And Eliot:

When lovely woman stoops to folly and
Paces about her room again, alone,

God moves in a mysterious way....

Laforgue's modern version of "Get thee to a nunnery" is "Allez, allez, psalmodiez Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty!" He had a passion for modernizing old themes, his *mélanges* charmed his contemporaries, he was smart, clever, he had lost his faith, he saw us and himself as future skeletons and therefore good church-people will assuredly say that certain of his parodies are blasphemous. Smoking a cigarette, he tells, plunged him into an ecstasy and he entered into Paradise:

Et j'entre au paradis, fleuri de rêves clairs
Ou l'on voit se mêler en valse fantastiques
Des éléphants en rut à des choeurs de moustiques.

*Fort, Klingsor, Fagus, Peguy, Aldington, Lawrence, the Sitwells are all guilty.

†Eliot's introduction to Captain Wardle's translation of Valéry's "Serpent."

which makes us wonder if Eliot was not smoking a cigarette when he saw the 'potamus take wing:

Among the saints he shall be seen
Performing on a harp of gold.

But elephants and hippos are too heavy and sluggish to be witty (Miss Sitwell's pig is lighter)¹⁰, they weigh the poem down to the level of burlesque, the satire misses fire because the poem is preposterous. We are not likely to be cured of our lukewarmness but simply shocked. The same may be said of Eliot's *Eternal Féminin*, here he is extreme and indelicate:

Grishkin is nice:

. . . .

The sleek Brazilian jaguar
Does not in its arboreal gloom
Distil so rank a feline smell
As Grishkin in a drawing room.

"Prufrock" is a monocled dandy, a decadent, a "man of action" who is obliged to pass his days killing time, yawning elegantly, "measuring out his life with coffee spoons" at the lady's West-End home. The whole year round he finds himself there. The lady is eternally youthful and hopeful, her prattle is like a woodpecker's, producing hysteria, and whatever is happening elsewhere or in eternity this other Anne Kinfoot perpetually sits pouring out tea or coffee to her friends. And Prufrock is afflicted with hesitancy and éternellité, wonders whether he dare, whether the momentous thing he is about to do would, after all, be worth while, or

Shall I part my hair behind? Do I dare to eat a peach?

The same hamletism, lassitude, monotony as Laforgue:

Ah, que la Vie est quotidienne!

Oh, la vie est trop triste, incurablement triste!

Ah! que je m'ennuie donc supérieurement!

"No!" Prufrock asserts, "I am not Prince Hamlet," nor was

¹⁰"*The Higher Sensualism*."

¹¹"Il semble qu'en un Hamlet encore spiritualisé se reconnaisse notre génération". *Notre Inquiétude*, by Daniel-Rops. Paris, 1927.

meant to be; Am an attendant lord"

Well then, of the company of Hamlet and . . . the unfortunate Prince of Aquitaine. The last lines, the imaginative escape from ennui and routine, have a poetic beauty and harmony rare in Eliot:

I have heard the mermaids sing, each to each.

I do not think that they will sing to me.

I have seen them riding seaward on the waves
Combing the white hair of the waves blown back
When the wind blows the water white and black.

We have lingered in the chambers of the sea
By sea-girls wreathed with seaweed red and brown
Till human voices wake us, and we drown.

They have the power of Gerard de Nerval's:

J'ai rêvé dans la grotte où nage la syrène.

Eliot's most oft-expressed feeling about contemporary existence is that it is *dry*. That is the leit-motiv of his most important poems. The old man Gerontion is dry, stiff, adrift, useless.

Here I am, an old man in a dry month,
Being read to by a boy, waiting for rain.

Thoughts of a dry brain in a dry season.

There is a suggestion of dryness throughout "The Hollow Men", and in "The Waste Land" there is a remarkable passage on drought.

In a letter to *The Dial*¹² concerning a representation of Stravinsky's ballet *Sacre du Printemps*, which is based on Vegetation ceremonies, Mr. Eliot was led to remark that "even *The Golden Bough* can be read in two ways: as a collection of entertaining myths, or as a revelation of that vanished mind of which our mind is a continuation". For Mr. Eliot himself, that monumental work is a revelation of a vanished mind of which ours is a continuation. The poet's business, as well as the critic's is to see the present in the past and the past in the present, in Arnold's words: "to see life steadily and to see it whole", or in Eliot's: "to see literature

¹²September, 1921.

steadily and to see it whole, . . . to see the best work of our time and the best work of twenty-five hundred years ago with the same eyes".¹³ We must grasp this conviction if we are to understand "The Waste Land", another "mélange adultère de tout" which runs up the gamut of all time; it does explain his use of Miss Weston's book on the Holy Grail, because that book is an attempt to see life and literature as a whole, to perceive a thread of continuity running through primitive and early Christian beliefs and Arthurian story into present-day folk ceremonies.

"The Waste Land"; Mr. Eliot's most important poem, appeared in *The Dial* in 1922 without notes. Since then it has attracted wide attention and a French translation was published in the first number of *L'Esprit* in 1926; the translator has italicized Eliot's borrowings from other authors. The later edition of the poem—of more than four hundred lines—with the notes, provides us with material for an interesting study and indeed tempts us into exercises similar to those of Frédéric Lefèvre in his *Entretiens avec Paul Valéry*.

It is meant to picture a state of natural and moral aridity which settles as a blight on a land as a consequence of its sins. The poet refers to the vegetation ceremonies of primitive races who believed that drought was due to the death of their god. Therefore they mourned his death annually and following the exercise of imitative magic they were able to celebrate his revival shortly afterwards. And since these people identified their god with their king, there is a fusion in the poem of Tammuz, Athis, Christ and The Fisher King upon whose life the existence and prosperity of a people depend. The Fisher King of the Grail legends, Miss Weston suggests, is a romantic literary version of a semi-divine ruler at once god and king. One legend represents Joseph of Arimathea, who buried Christ, as The Fisher King and Patron Saint of Norway where his bones and the sacred relics, the Grail and the Lance, are preserved in a monastery on an island. Joseph killed the Pagan King of Norway and married his daughter whom he baptized a Christian. But God punished him for his sin and as long as he remained unpardoned the land suffered blight and sorrow "for one sowed neither peas nor wheat there, nor was

¹³Introduction to *The Sacred Wood*.

any child of man born there...nor any field became green again". Of course these misfortunes were consequent upon the death of the King and here the story, with its allusions to adultery and murder, merges into that of Hamlet. And we think of Laforgue's Hamlet. Laforgue conceived a Hamlet in modern dress, an Algernon who stopped to drop an ironical remark on Ophelia's grave but who was really eloping with an actress, quitting the whole wretched state of Denmark and making for Paris and a nearby refreshment lodge. He never got there, however. Eliot does, at closing time, "Goodnight Bill, Goodnight Lou."

In the city, bartering, smuttiness and fornication; on the hills day is singing for rain and The Fisher King is sitting on the shore fishing, with the arid plain behind him, the vital forces of nature have been suspended and his land is named Lorgres; a name of sorrow.

Thus, by crossing the many threads of ancient ritual, romance and common existence, Eliot has created in us a sense of desolation, barrenness and hopelessness, a mood which has settled on humanity in all places and in all ages and in our own.

We may say that he is freakish, a cold and scornful realist, that he never smiles, that he writes "rather as a beholder than a partaker of human nature."¹⁴ True, but we cannot deny that he is serious and "at best, engaged in the task of trying to find the verbal equivalent for states of mind and feeling."¹⁵ Other poets may withdraw to the country, to some other clime or planet to sing of rural peace, carnival frivolity and fairy innocence but Eliot has stayed with us, faced the facts and given them an imaginative setting which, though puzzling to us, is very real to him. He sees nothing beautiful in our living, in our evangelism, and nothing important; probably because he feels that our national mood is spiritual death, that our prized civilization and our personalities are very unimportant, that we are fallen and imperfect creatures, always have been, that we grovel and clutch at straws, that we need some Absolute to cling to.

In his important poems, "The Waste Land", "The Hollow

¹⁴Dr. Johnson.

¹⁵*Homage to John Dryden.*

Men", and "Journey of the Magi", he is occupied with serious ideas: birth, life and death. Our life is a dry death in a desert—as it was in the time of Ezekiel, and the Kings from the Orient, and the Fisher King in the West, as it always was and will be—where we raise stone altars to our gods. If we are led towards Life the way will be hard and voices will sing in our ears saying that it is all folly. It will be hard but we would do it again for the joy of seeing Life. Once we have looked on Life we shall have no more ease in the cactus land among a benighted people whose souls, through fear of life, have become stocks and stones.¹⁶ We shall always be in exile there, wishing for death, wondering about the other kingdom across the dark river. A certain static mood of emptiness, disappointment, impotence, doubt, but also of waiting as if something might come about, a breath to make our bones live, a possibility of Life.

Mr. Eliot's importance as a poet consists in this: that by his enigmatic and mystic lines he has brought us into this mood, a seriously spiritual mood. The fact is significant that he is associated with those French writers of *Le Roseau d'Or* who "are working for the spiritual redress of our age", who believe that the golden reed of the Apocalypse¹⁷ signifies that "the things of the spirit have a measure which is not of this world."

¹⁶Edith Sitwell: *Poetry and Criticism*.

¹⁷Chapter xxi. 15.

by L. C. Hartley

KENSINGTON PALACE:

THE SUNKEN GARDEN

Than revelling in tall lupins
One greater joy be mine:
A bare-foot orgy just to launch
A sail-boat in the Serpentine.

by Dayton Kohler

D. H. LAWRENCE

D. H. LAWRENCE was a man driven by the need of his tortured spirit to seek some meaning and purpose behind a disordered universe, and in the dark splendor of his prose he recorded with somber fidelity the frustration and bewilderment of men and women striving to adjust their lives to the demands of modern life. As an artist he was the critic of a disillusioned civilization, impotent because it had lost romantic faith in itself, from which he turned in a venture of escape. With the vision of an emotional Spengler, he watched the twilight shadows gathering over Europe and became the poet and prophet of an atavism which would reclaim for mankind the primitive simplicity of the jungle and the cave.

D. H. Lawrence was a romantic. He wished to restore the old quality of wonder to everyday existence, a closer relationship between man and nature, an understanding of life which is less of the intellect than of the five senses. From the deep blood current of the race he took life's darkest secrets to create an imaginary world of elemental but authentic human experiences. To his task he brought the gifts of a great artist. Poetic imagery and the severest sort of realism blend in his pages, a brooding mysticism and an intuitive insight into character; and by these virtues he attains almost to the stature of the older novelists. Young men and women of his stories find their identities confused with stars and mountains, with slow gray rains and plowed fields. They are shaken by a perception of nature which holds for them a baffling and often tragic loveliness.

Such imaginative vision, in the work of D. H. Lawrence, is always held firmly within bounds, on the one hand by atmosphere and on the other by a grasp of essential detail. His backgrounds hold the potentiality of drama, and in his impressionistic style he makes them inseparable from character. Nature is comprehended through its identification with the senses, a part of that realm of the conscious to which the writer reacted most keenly.

Lawrence wrote with that "bitterness of ecstasy" which has the quality of an intense personal experience. His books are the record of a man in conflict against the complete mechanization of the race. The age lives in his men and women, and through them we perceive the tragedy of modern industrial life. Like Paul Morel, Lawrence grew up in the coal mining region of England; like the Brangwens and Rupert Birkin, of *Women in Love*, he came from a stock that was elemental in its passions, close to the soil and the ancient instinctive life which civilization has forgotten. The man himself was the product of his changing environment—the boy's memory of smoky colliery towns and of the green English countryside, the man's pilgrimage to Sicily, Australia, Mexico—so that his life and works must be considered as a single entity. Much that was autobiographical, for instance, went into the writing of *Sons and Lovers*, a novel that reveals the full range of Lawrence's powers as an artist.

It is a book filled with the harsh passion of living in its stark portrayal of a miner's home and of a boy growing into manhood there, attempting to establish his own identity in a confused tangle of home relationships. While painting and his love affairs eventually stimulate his emotional life, he can never escape long enough from the feeling of the moment to affirm his own being. Realizing his hopeless struggle, he can only protest against the restrictions of the life he knows. Paul Morel, passionate, artistic, is the shadowy creation of Lawrence himself.

Mrs. Morel, however, is the chief character of the novel. She had been bewitched by the male qualities of the miner Morel when she married him and went to live in the mining town where the drama of conflict in love begins. In this atmosphere the instinctive relationship which had brought the Morels together dies slowly, and the wife, with her supremacy of thought and spirit, becomes the center about which family life revolves. Paul is born at a time when his mother is struggling for mastery over her husband, and she feels that she must in later life compensate him for the fact that he came into life unwanted and unloved. Paul Morel becomes the victim of this innocent mother love. The two attempts which he made to break away toward a realization of his own personality failed because without her he could never become

a part of any other existence. Between attraction and repulsion, he is first drawn to Miriam, a farm girl with imagination distorted by her brooding, sensuous nature. To him, her tortured purity becomes a threatening thing, a slow poison that would kill his spirit if he should yield himself to her. In his second affair he is no more successful, although he finds temporary release in passion. Paul can never find the freedom he craves because he is bound by the intellectual sympathy he holds for his mother, and her shadow falls inevitably between him and other woman.

The novel moves with point and counterpoint through a pattern of close human relationships, each life distinct even in conflict. It is a masterpiece of psychological realism. Paul Morel, torn between a passion of love and agony in his struggle to find a foothold in the world, suffers bitterness and ecstasy and an inevitable despair at the death of his mother. While he grows in wisdom, he is held fast in a net of emotional experiences which have taught him little more than the doubtful security of the moment. His tragedy lies in the fact that he desires to be at one with life, but he cannot gather together those portions of his personality which have been divided in the past; his adolescence, the affairs with Miriam and Clara, the ambitions of his mother for his future. He will never be able to realize his manifest destiny.

Beyond *Sons and Lovers* Lawrence never progressed in sheer artistic performance. It is a dark and disturbing book, filled with the passion, strangeness, sadness and pity which have marked all of his work. Later novels and stories served only to clarify his approach to the ultimate need which would preserve our common human fate from obedience to the machine.

To take his novels one by one for detailed inspection would be small economy, for his work is in many respects unequal. He threw his great gifts into his novels with reckless waste, fulfilling himself in none. His true significance as a creative artist, I feel, is in his penetrating criticism of modern society. His books are related to every phase of the industrial and social life of these times: the Freudian motives of life in *The Rainbow* and *Women in Love*, post-war upheaval and communistic tendencies in *Aaron's Rod*, the struggle between Christianity and the older pantheism in *The Plumed Serpent*, industrial conditions and English class

distinctions in *Lady Chatterley's Lover*. These books are social studies viewed always from his individual angle, infused with a high level of poetic mysticism. His vision is that of Will Brangwen in *The Rainbow*.

Having occasion to go to London, he marvelled, as he returned, thinking of naked, lurking savages on an island, how these had built up and created the great mass of Oxford Street and Piccadilly. How had helpless savages, running with their spears on the riverside, after fish, how had they come to rear up his great London, the ponderous, massive, ugly superstructure of a world of man upon a world of nature! It frightened and awed him. Man was terrible, awful in his works. The works of man were more terrible than man himself, almost monstrous.

Sons and Lovers had shown that D. H. Lawrence was approaching a new valuation of human relationships based upon recognition of that part of life which lies buried beneath everyday consciousness. His men are lost in the confusion of their own emotions, tortured by the deep forces of that instinctive life which they follow blindly. In *The Rainbow* he wrote a legend of this hidden life, going back to the origins of the Brangwens when they were close to the soil. This novel has all the tragic power, the social implications of *Sons and Lovers*. For generations the Brangwens had farmed their own land, but in the end they became servants of the machine. Mechanical industrialism is the symbol of their spiritual impotence. Because of this, Tom Brangwen and the Polish woman whom he married, Will Brangwen and Anna who carry on the struggle, and Ursula Brangwen, more sensitive than the rest because of the mixed strains in her blood, all suffer. Spiritual dissolution is seen in Skrebensky's failure to serve Ursula, and equally destructive is Will Brangwen's release through pure sensuality. Ursula, the one character in whom the old primal forces still stir dimly, is the background of the external forces which have broken her father and her lover.

The Rainbow, published in 1919, brought D. H. Lawrence into his first brush with the censors, for in this novel he crossed the borderline to explore without evasion or shame the processes of human life and emotion as he saw them. In almost every case

he presents eroticism as the great issue of suppressed spiritual development. Eroticism and mysticism go hand in hand, and sex is brought forth as the main cause of social hypocrisy. D. H. Lawrence turned deliberately from the greater and richer complexity of life to probe relations which, although an elemental force in nature, are nevertheless only a part of the whole fabric of life. In addition, he brought upon his head a storm of critical disapproval which continued through *Women in Love* and his later books, and a year ago last reached its climax when police seized his paintings and books being shown at a public exhibition in England.

Lawrence was never kind to his critics, and his career was to become one of irritated and often snarling activity. He tried to face life as he saw it, with sincerity and passion, but his angry progress in the face of opposition has marred the artistic unity of his later work.

He was first of all a modern of that post-war generation which believed that humanity will never get anywhere until it stands up and faces everything out, breaking the old forms, if necessary, to find a new solution and a new creed. Freud and the psychoanalysts gave him the symbols for his purpose. From the outset Lawrence had felt the need of a new set of images which would reveal the unconscious aspects of life otherwise intransmissible, and so he transcended the sexual motive into one vast symbol for all human activity. This is the greater implication behind the amatory relations of men and women. Perhaps he attempted the impossible escape when he arrived at the belief that man could never realize the triumph of the living spirit without passing through the experiences of sex.

He himself never reached the full expression of his philosophy, and for that reason, his conclusions often lack the quality of final purposiveness, leaving the reader with a baffled concept of their true significance. But he would free himself from the obsessions of sex, not by the denial of the puritan, but by the frank acceptance of the primitive. This was the burden of his critical writing, retorts to his critics against charges of pornography and obscenity. He would strive to open up the new world of life which we could enjoy by an intuitive perception that does not deny sex and beauty.

He would reveal the whole man, the complete, enveloping world of the spirit and the flesh.

When Lawrence wrote *Women in Love*, he had gained in effect through symbolism, but in some respects his art had suffered. This second story of the Brangwen family and the small group about them is not as full as the first, largely because the writer chose to portray the symbols of life instead of life itself. *Women in Love* stresses the love impulses and reactions of the four young people influenced by those modern forces which have combined to produce a Gerald Crich, the industrialist and mine owner. He has served the machine so faithfully that his inner spirit will no longer quicken to accept the broader implications of life. He cannot give himself to friendship or to love. To marriage he will submit only as a final compromise between frustration and desire. His spiritual negation has led him to translate all universal sympathies and understanding into pure mechanism. There remains only his final destruction, and this is brought about when the writer removes Birkin and Ursula, Gerald and Gudrun Brangwen from the English midlands to the frozen whiteness of continental Europe. Here, against a background of mountains in winter, at Innsbruck and Hohenhausen, they meet the sculptor Loerke, who, his art confused with the mechanics of an industrial society, is the essence of continental disintegration.

Between them, Gudrun and Loerke break Gerald. Gudrun has already possessed his spirit, subdued him so that he cannot escape from her cruelty and her desire. It is a drama in which wills are torn, a detailed, careful study of that queer hatred which often lies at the bottom of love, a fatal attraction and repulsion of the sexes already suggested in *Sons and Lovers*. Lawrence went beneath life's surface to reveal what he interpreted as the common fate of humanity, a subtle manifestation of the spirit which moved gradually toward the revelation of his deeper social creed. Acute, enigmatic beings stirred darkly within by their physical sensitiveness, his characters show the collapse of a social order in the civilized European world. Europe, the writer would show us, is finished, destroyed by a mechanical and rationalized civilization. Gerald and Gudrun are their own victims and their own destroyers.

Meanwhile Lawrence had turned from this continental background to find a new life which could never be reduced to the level of some mechanical principle, instinct with cruelty and decay. His later novels, poetry and essays contain the record of his wanderings, in flight from the wreck of Europe and man's subjection before woman, to solve the problem of man's dominance in a male world. *The Lost Girl* and the Italian travel sketches mark the transitional period of his work. Like Alvina Houghton he had been drawn to Italy, source of the race, where dark passions still move its peasant men and women. Alvina was a quiet spinster until, at the age of thirty, she married Ciccio, a musician from a wandering minstrel troupe. This Ciccio, with his slow, yellow eyes and telepathic gifts of communication, slowly envelopes her, until she is lost in a new, starkly primitive world. In civilized Europe—in *Sons and Lovers*, *The Rainbow*, *Women in Love*—the women of Lawrence's books were superior to men. But among the peasantry of the southern race we find a change taking place in his concept of life. Alvina becomes subordinate to Ciccio, and thereafter Lawrence set himself to chronicle the single-minded, indomitable male who in a few quarters of the world can still realize the fullness of his being.

This is the theme of *Aaron's Rod*, a book rich in symbolic imagery and poetic imagination. It is Lawrence's fictional allegory of a man who finishes at last with Europe and its institutions. First of all, Aaron frees himself from the feminine possessiveness of his wife and daughters. In his travels through the contemporary scene, Aaron Sisson reaches post-war London, where life has reached the peak of its febrile futility. With sensual bohemianism and childish talk of art and revolutions he finishes as he had finished with his family. When he ends as well the Italian experiences, he can turn from that point only toward a realization of his inner, isolated self. The drama of conflict has been shifted from the external to the internal world. In this novel the writer drew two notable characters, Aaron and his odd, philosophical friend, Lilly. Both are Lawrence in part, the protagonists through which he sets forth the ideal of male dominance in a sick world.

Aaron's life and conflict can never be fulfilled in love or music or friendship; the awakening, as Lilly points out, must come from

within his own personality, for in man the urge of power is self-central. Like most things in life, his aims and achievements are mixed. But behind the symbols are true facts, honestly recorded. The artistry of D. H. Lawrence kept his images and symbols free from science and within the bounds of universal human nature. They are the materials of a man who in his own life was trying to find a clarity of vision and a singleness of purpose.

Aaron's Rod was the prelude to *Kangaroo* and *The Boy in the Bush*, violent reactions against the world's impingement upon the individual self. Italy, also, was softening, losing the impulses of power in the process of industrial control. The next step of Lawrence's pilgrimage was toward the far ends of the earth. In Australia he found a transplanted culture in which disintegration had already appeared. The artist and thinker who would be alone can no longer escape from mankind and a man-made civilization intolerant of remoteness in the human soul. But in Australia there is, for a time, breathing space. This experience comes to Jack Grant in *The Boy in the Bush*. He has brought the spirit of dissolution with him, but his English consciousness slowly grows dimmer and darker, while his spirit is invaded by a new tropical quality. This novel is comparatively free from symbolism. The country itself is a major symbol of natural forces and a man's realization of his own potentialities through nature. But in spite of Grant's passional change, a sinister atmosphere broods over the pages and clouds threaten to obscure the brilliant landscape. Colonial Australia, after all, is too close to the native country in speech and thought; the gulf between is one of space, not of race or language. There are passages that convey a sense of prophecy and foreboding.

Someone was riding in from westward, and a cloud of pure gold dust rose fuming from the earth about the horse and the horseman, with a vast, overwhelming gold glow in the void heavens above. The whole west was so powerful with pure gold light, coming from immense space and sea, that it seemed like a transfiguration, and another horseman rode fuming in the dust of light as if he were coming, small and Daniel-like, out of the vast furnace mouth of creation. Jack looked west, into the welter of yellow light, in fear. He knew again, as he had known before, that his day was not

the day of the world, there was a huger sunset than the sunset of his race. There were vaster, more unspeakable gods than the gods of his fathers. The god in the yellow fire was huger than the white men could understand, and seemed to proclaim their doom.

Behind the thought which shaped this passage we can trace the symbolism of the later novels and short stories, for this vision is repeated again and again with the effect of prophecy. It is the theme of the sketches, *Mornings in Mexico*, the motivation of *St. Mawr* and *The Plumed Serpent*, the meaning of the sacrifice in *The Woman Who Rode Away*. The old gods are dead, Lawrence proclaimed; civilization has failed and "behind all the ashy pallor and sulphur of our civilization lurks the great blood-creature waiting, implacable and eternal, ready at last to crush our white brittleness and let the shadowy blood move erect once more, in a new implacable pride and strength." The race, if it would survive, must begin life over again, free from the limitations and aspirations of the white civilization. There are dark gods, a hidden primitive spirit, which can re-vitalize the earth. Lawrence definitely abandoned his civilization to challenge the young America, a land where life is not yet organically fixed into classes by social custom. In America he found still a dark primitive consciousness which machinery has not yet been able to track down and destroy. His symbol was the Indian, the dark-skinned brother on the new continent. It is doubtful if Lawrence meant that we must all play at being Indians, find a new rhythm of life in the crude harmony of skin drums and make sacrifices to strange gods, as some of his critics would have us believe. *St. Mawr*, a wild, golden stallion, becomes a symbol of that ancient, profound strength of primitive will and fire which Lawrence held out as the salvation of the race. When Mrs. Witt and her daughter carry the splendid horse off to an abandoned ranch in New Mexico, Lawrence would tell us that the old world can find escape and peace in the new.

In an early chapter of *The Plumed Serpent*, one of the characters remarks that the old dove of Europe can never hope to hatch the egg of dark-skinned America. When he wrote of the experiences of Kate Leslie in Mexico and of the attempts of Don Ramon and Cipriano to restore the old gods of the Aztec theology, Law-

rence was trying to portray the spirit of a continent. Kate Leslie, with her European training, hesitates to accept this new life when she finds herself facing for the first time the dark, powerful forces of primitive awareness in nature. A clever woman bred beneath the shadow of a tradition in which the machine has subdued life, she struggles at first against the impulse to merge her identity with the forces represented by Quetzalcoatl and the plumed serpent. But her submission is inevitable, for she faces the domination of a natural, masculine world. Lawrence would show us that the fate of life in the western world now lies in America, a land too new and too vast to be wholly absorbed in the rhythm of the machine. Here the rhythm of life is still the pulsing spirit of nature—Lawrence gave us the symbol of the Indian drum and the dance—and to it Europe, if it would save itself, must eventually turn.

What has been said thus far concerning the novels of D. H. Lawrence is equally true of his short stories and poetry. Force, directness and passion characterize his shorter narratives, significant episodes in the lives of men and women revealed with the concentration of breathless but unstudied drama. Life is shown in its primary emotional tones with a poetic intensity which presents moods of passion, pity, cruelty, fear and madness in the moments of their passage.

The poems likewise reveal the same recurring cycle of human emotions and desires, the urge of passion upon spirit and flesh, the search for love, frustration, the death-in-life, and a strange, new birth in the world of the unconscious and the spirit. Fragmentary in outline, the writer's arrangement of his collected poems nevertheless presents a biography of the personal inner life. There are the poems to his mother, to Miriam, to Helen and to the other woman, all rounding out the self-revelation which he disguised as fiction in his novels. In the pilgrimage to Italy, America, New Mexico, the writer attempts to come closer to the primal source of things in the life processes of man and nature. With the travel books, also, they parallel the novels in setting and spirit as his records of experience. Lawrence saw his own turbulent emotions reflected in every natural spectacle of the world about him, every aspect of nature had its counterpart in his own personality. It

is an impressionism of self conveyed through images of birds, beasts, stars and flowers.

Nature, in everything D. H. Lawrence wrote, burns with a vivid, sensuous flame. It is the life-giver and the life-preserver. His men and women in their moments of complete self-realization merge their identities with natural objects about them. Nature becomes a part of the old instinctive life which civilization has almost destroyed. In such moments his prose takes on an illuminating, dynamic intensity, and one of his greatest powers as an artist was his awareness of life in the natural scene.

We went slowly back. The peaks of those Italian mountains in the sunset, the extinguishing twinkle of the plain away below, as the sun declined and grew yellow; the intensely powerful medieval spirit lingering on this wild hill summit, all the wonder of the medieval past; and then the huge mossy stones in the wintry wood, that was once a sacred grove; the ancient path through the wood, that led from temple to temple on the hill summit, before Christ was born; and then the great Cyclopean wall one passes at the bend of the road, built even before the pagan temples; all this overcame me so powerfully this afternoon, that I was almost speechless. That hill-top must have been one of man's intense sacred places for three thousand years. And men die generation after generation, races die but the old cult finds root in the old sacred place, and the quick spot of earth dies very slowly. Yet at last it too dies. But this quick spot is still not quite dead. And M—— and I walking across as the sun set yellow and the cold of the snow came into the air, back home from the monastery! And I feeling as if my heart had once more broken; I don't know why.

There is in this passage a capture of moving life, and the substance of human experience has been somehow changed by this subtle communication of mood between man and nature. Lawrence was an artist watching for the moment when something in the man or woman and something in nature meet and merge, revealing with the quick intensity of a lightning flash the peculiar quality of person and external world. In moments like those the human being becomes completely alive. Thus when the Polish woman labors in childbirth, bewildered Tom Brangwen is able to quiet his frightened stepchild and calm his own doubts by going out to the

barn through the rainy night to feed his cattle. Something of the same experience comes to Alvina Houghton during her journey into the lonely Italian village in winter. The horses that follow Ursula Brangwen across the wet field are natural objects which, when her world has crumbled to grimy ashes, release hidden powers in her own nature. Jack Grant, during lonely and lovely Australian nights, comes slowly to a realization of the destiny of man. Nature has the power to reveal instincts which become articulate through the consciousness of the spectator, impulses which themselves lie deeply within the unconscious. This is the romanticism which blends with cryptic mysticism in Lawrence's pages. The unconscious communication thus revealed is the old drama of instincts and primitive emotions.

In his thirty-odd volumes of fiction, poetry, travel, criticism and drama, D. H. Lawrence placed the scope of his work clearly before us; it is ours to accept or to reject. At this time, however, there seems no need to view him either as the archfiend of psychopathic realism or erotica, as his critics would claim, or as the demigod of the new fiction which his admirers would make him. The critical attitude must hold to a middle course, accepting his erotic furies and passions for what they are, and acknowledging his virtues. When we remember Hamlet and Oedipus and Orestes, we find little that is new or startling in D. H. Lawrence's abnormal types. It is true that he has challenged society's ethical and moral concepts with his analysis of passionate human emotions, but the annihilation of his books will in no degree remove sex from the world. His own plea was for an attitude of complete frankness with regard to sex. Face the thing out, he urged, know even its excesses, and sex curiosity will assume its normal place among the functions of life. Sex, in the final analysis, is negative; not until man has subdued sex can he realize his individual selfhood.

Lawrence stood for a new romanticism, a primitive romanticism of individual supremacy. He saw each man alone, exiled from his fellows by the indestructible barriers of self. No man can know his own nature until he can realize the bounds of his isolated self. With this knowledge, man becomes whole and complete. It was this new unity, overtaken and flung upon the printed page with

haste lest his momentary vision should escape him forever, that Lawrence was trying to interpret and record.

If he has failed his failure has been in communication, not in vision. From the first it was apparent that he was aware of certain qualities which lie so deeply beneath the surface of human nature that they cannot be expressed fully in the conventional terms of art. Nature and sex provided him with symbols which are only the medium of translation and not the translation itself. When he attempted an explanation, his meaning was blurred by the fact that he spoke a language peculiarly his own while using words already known to us without special meanings. There are explorations into the secret places of the spirit where his readers cannot follow, statements about that which cannot be stated in words. Such terms as he employed in an attempt to make his meaning clear—"apartness," "the living inutterable," "the final isolation," and "the forever unrevealed"—serve only to confuse the understanding which the imagination of the reader gains through imagery and symbolism.

We know that Lawrence was aware also of his own limitations when he tried to express in terms of the unconscious what could never be fully revealed, even in the light of his own personal experience. "My soul is a dark forest," he wrote. "My known self will never be more than a clearing in the forest. Gods, strange gods, come forth into the clearing of my known self and then go back." There were times when he was filled with a kind of gusty despair at the hopelessness of his attempt to find some certain clue to the ultimate truth in man and nature. This is especially true of several of his later books, written when he was struggling against disease. Then his obsession with the idea blunted the edge of his perceptions, and sex as a symbol for the strivings of humanity thwarted all strength and beauty of genuine literary craftsmanship. Such was the case with *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, a garish exhibition of bad taste as well as bad art. Equally significant is the fact that he never subjected himself to rigid artistic discipline. His books were produced in haste, often in an angry controversial mood, with little regard for the artistry of form.

In contrast to those aspects of his work which are disproportionate and unpleasant, the fact remains that he wrote greatly

at times with sincerity of purpose and effect. He possessed the power of dramatic invention and narrative interest; his prose was bold and compact with the beauty of language, and his vision brought a new interpretation of instinctive life and experience into contemporary literature. His record of life, its senses and emotions, he preserved in his books. Do they represent the vision of a sick man's neurosis or an approach to a new principle of vitality in human existence? We should remember the integrity of his creed:

At length, for my part, I know that life, and life only, is the clue to the universe. And that the living individual is the clue to the universe. And that it always was so, and always will be so.

This is his affirmation of romantic, individual life in an age made common by the rhythm of the machine.

by L. C. Hartley

SHROPSHIRE HOUSE,

PRINCE SQUARE

The blinds were drawn at five o'clock.
The fog put wispy fingers on the pane
And tried to peer into the fire-lit room,
But found its effort vain.

Rose flames and blue played in the grate
And upward shafts of yellow shot;
Plum cake and scones came in on trays
And Ceylon in a Wedgwood pot.—

She talked of books and Parliament,
(I, furtive, watched her sipping tea)
Of Duchess This and Countess That—
And once she smiled at me!

by Tatiana I. Vacquier

THE RUSSIAN THEATRE

ITS MARVELLOUS ADVENTURE.

THE Russian Theatre¹ at its start was not independent, that is, its origins lay not in the depths of the Russian people's life. It came from the Occident, from Europe. Of course, the Russian nation was not wholly devoid of theatrical feeling. The folklore dances and songs, many of which still exist, showed a noteworthy creative dynamic instinct, but the persecutions of the church that considered all dances and secular songs inspirations of the devil, checked the natural development along these lines. The Greek Catholic church showed some leniency towards liturgical plays, but they were strictly limited to religious themes and enacted in churches. The steadily increasing interest in the theatre in other countries shown in the seventeenth century led to an attempt to introduce a theatrical performance, acted and directed by foreigners. In 1672 a German, Gregory, enacted before the Tzar a heavy biblical tragedy. The permission was granted by the clergy on the plea that other potentates permitted it in their realms. This was only a feeble beginning, during the next sixty years some theatrical performances were given from time to time, the actors were mostly foreigners, foreign plays were performed; it was a foreign theatre in Russian, not a Russian theatre.

The real Russian theatre started with Soumarokoff, dramatic author, influenced by French pseudo-classical models, and who was at the same time, director, producer, and even actor. The formal opening of the first Russian theatre took place at the Empress Elisabeth's court in 1756. A school of dramatic art for the training and preparation of actors was established at the same time, and it continues to exist up to the present moment. Of course, in the beginning this theatre was Russian only in name. Foreign technique and plays were predominant features until

¹The material for this article has been partly provided by the book of E. A. Znosko-Borovsky *The Russian Theatre in the Beginning of the Twentieth Century*, 1925, Prag. and partly taken from personal reminiscences.

the nineteenth century, when, after the brilliant reign of Catharine the Great, who herself composed very amusing and readable comedies, Russian national pride, flattered by brilliant victories and increase of importance in world politics, sought to express the national spirit even in plays. The French pseudo-classical style was not in harmony with the Russian spirit, the latter inclined more to the tearful comedy introduced in France by Diderot and violently opposed by Voltaire; still, even that became distasteful, it was foreign and had no appeal to the nationalistically inspired public. The masterpiece of Gribojedov, *Suffering Caused By Intelligence*, bore the traces of French influence, the hero resembled Molière's *Misanthrope*, although the characters and the customs portrayed were essentially Russian, and the brilliant verse had since passed into proverbial quotations. He had a few imitators, but they could not surpass their model and failed.

The greatest Russian romantic and classic poet, Poushkin (1799-1837) conceived a historical tragedy in the manner of Shakespeare. The latter's works were more in harmony with the mental and emotional essence of the Russian soul, and in them the power of emotion, expressed freely without the fetters of a polite artificial code of rules, could find its best form of interpretation. Poushkin's tragedy *Boris Godonov*, depicting the fate of the unfortunate monarch, was in every respect a *chef d'oeuvre*, and up to the present it is performed and has entered, in the shape of an opera with music by Moussorgsky, into the repertoire of Parisian grand opera. It gives a colorful picture of Russian life in the beginning of the seventeenth century, is composed with an admirable sense of dramatic values, a powerful characterization, and in a verse that still has to be surpassed. It portrays the tragedy of Man and the People, the fate of humanity and the fate of the individual.

But the Russian theatre did not follow the path shown by Poushkin. The romantic historical tragedy had lived its day and found only a few imitators and followers. In Europe at that time, together with the romantic movement, was manifested a very distinct inclination towards realism. It found a well-prepared ground in Russian literature. People wanted a realistic presentation of Russian life, customs, characters in everyday life and in

contemporary environment. Gogol (1809-1852) substituted prose for verse in his comedy *The Revising Officer*. The characters spoke in simple language, they were not great heroes, emperors, or princes, but plain everyday folk living in a small provincial town. Charming coquettish heroines, saucy soubrettes, pompous declaiming heroes vanished (instead of heroic deeds and tragic conflicts), simple commonplace facts were displayed. It was not yet a *slice of life* affair, but it was nearer to it than to romantic pompousness.

It is time now to say a few words about styles of acting. Even at this early stage of theatrical art there existed different styles of acting. The pseudo-classical tragedies of Soumarokov & Co. were enacted in the style approaching the French manner—that is the long monologues were declaimed with an extravagance of gestures, of voice, and movement, and all acting was stilted, pompous and unnatural. The first presentation of romantic plays bore the same characteristics. Of course, such a style of acting could not be applied to Gogol's plays. Gogol tried to give hints of new methods of acting. He was assisted by the greatest Russian actor of the time, Shepkine. "Take examples from life", Shepkine admonished his fellow actors; he advised them to observe manners, to study society, to enter into the psychology of the character portrayed, "to feel" the part, not to declaim coldly. Still, he believed in technique and would not rely upon feeling only. Gogol and Shepkine created the first essentially Russian school of play writing and acting. It was based on realism.

THE TRIUMPH OF REALISM.

With Ostrovsky (1823-1886) the Russian theatre entered into the period of triumphant realism. This author was wholly original and furnished the theatre with over fifty plays, mostly treating the life of the lower and middle classes, although the leading classes were also represented. All his wealthy and ruined landowners, merchants, peddlars, gipsies, beggars, strolling actors, and teachers, are amazingly alive and speak and move in the most realistic fashion. Sometimes Ostrovsky humourously mocks them, sometimes he chides them, but on the whole, he does not condemn them but loves and cherishes all manifestations of Russian country and city life. With more sympathy towards the

people than Gogol, who exposed their foibles as a judge, Ostrovsky does not judge, but laughs and weeps with them over their sins and sorrows. Money and ignorance are the sources of mostly all evil, not the innate corruption of souls. The conflict he preferred were those that arise as a result of an individual opposing set prejudices of caste and custom. His heroes are commonplace characters leading sordid humdrum existences; he excels in showing intrinsic goodness, capacity of self sacrifice in rather dull characters. This trait is general in Russian literature, as may be seen in, to mention only two authors among others, Tolstoi and Dostoevsky. Ostrovsky's comedies verge often on the tragic. He portrays the cruelty of certain established customs such as marriages of convenience, the miserable lot of woman tied to a cruel authoritative master without any possibility of escape. The conflicts of his plays generally consist in the refusal of a stern parent to give consent to his daughter's marriage, a poor man cannot marry a rich girl, because she is above him in station, a son with some education cannot live in the narrow atmosphere of his parent's old fashioned home.

These plays demanded a different style of acting than those even of Gogol, for the latter were more artificial than Ostrovsky's comedies. Some minor changes were introduced into the costuming and stage setting. An actress caused a great stir by appearing in one of his plays in a simple cotton dress with hair combed back instead of silk and velvet gowns and elaborate coiffures which were the fashion of the day. The style of acting was more life-like and simple, more natural. The great innovator along these lines was Sadvovsky, a personal friend of Ostrovsky, who created a school of realistic acting prior to that of the Moscow Art Theatre. He was the first to demand that the actor should make use of all his body while acting, and prompted the artists to study dancing, fencing and gymnastics.

Realism is the only purely national tradition of the Russian theatre, as the pseudo-classical style is that of France. Of course, realism finds its best expression in novels: ultra-realistic plays are often tepid, pale, colorless; tragic elements mixed freely with comic in trying to imitate life which is a mixture of tragedy and comedy. As a result, we witness the degeneration of dramatic creation. A

whole line of authors endeavor to imitate Ostrovsky, but lacking his great original talent, they produce only poor material. The technique of the theatre overemphasized feeling, inspiration to the detriment of the stage craft. All this led to the degeneration of the dramatic art as a whole: Plays became poor, actors mediocre, realism stressed simplicity in acting, and actors came to the point that they lost the ability to perform creditably a classical tragedy or a play in costume. Thus towards the end of the nineteenth century many theatre lovers were concerned with the situation of the theatre and tried to find some new methods and new inspiration in order to vivify the dry forms of Russian dramatic art.

One spring evening in 1897 a well known playwright and a rich retired business man, Nemirovitch Danchenko and Stanislavsky Alekseev, discussed the sad situation of the theatre over a bottle of wine in a Moscow restaurant, and decided to meet again to discuss the same subject. They met accordingly and Fate willed it that only the death of Nemirovitch last summer in France, should separate these two men. They created the Moscow Art Theatre. They started oh, so very modestly, with a company of mostly amateurs, people interested in acting, who worked untiringly and painstakingly for a whole year, elaborating a manner of acting, choosing and rehearsing plays, developing theories of theatrical art. It was a glowing centre of enthusiasm and honest endeavor. In the summer they used a barn as a hall for their first performances. They worked night and day, dreamed, experimented, and were supremely happy...without a cent of profit. The names of these young people who helped to create the M. A. T. (Moscow Art Theatre) became, in the course of time, household names in every cultured Russian home, and their fame spread far beyond the border. In fact, who at present has not at least heard of Kachlov, Mme. Knipper-Tchegov, Moskwina, Lilina (wife of Stanislavsky), Artem, Sanina (at present directs some performances in Paris Grand Opera,) and of that strange Meirhold who revolutionized the very principle of theatrical art? Out of the existing European theatres these pathfinders singled out the Theatre of the Grand Duke of Sachsen-Meiningen which gave a series of performances in Russia in the eighties. They were

impressed by the iron discipline that reigned in the company. There were no stars, and the actor who held the title role today played a servant or a similar filler-in the next day. The actors had to be prepared to take any part that was suitable to their ability, and therefore the ensemble was exemplary and the mob scenes were full of intense life. The light effects they used were unusual at that time, and these also greatly impressed the young company eager to learn and absorb useful methods. In a lesser way the Parisian *Theatre Libre* of Antoine influenced the M. A. T.; that is, it did not come to Russia and only a few could visit this theatre during their trips to Paris. Stanislavsky, when in Paris, never missed a performance. The company prepared several plays at once, they worked on *Antigone* of Sophokles, *The Merchant of Venice*, *Despots* of Pissemsky, and *The Sea-Gull* of Tchekhov.

For the opening performance they had marked the tragedy of Alexis Tolstoi, *Czar Theodor* (1898). This opening was an epoch in the history of the modern theatre. The public went into ecstasy over the romantic picturization of ancient Russia, the beauties of stage setting and costuming, the loving care shown in the reproduction of ancient customs. But most of the praise went to the inanimate things in the performance, not to the acting of the artists. The directors enlarged short stage directions into whole processions of boyards performing all the evolutions of elaborate court etiquette. The costuming and properties seemed to be taken out of museums and the marvelling public beheld an artistic revival of the beloved splendor of the Past. (This is no exaggeration because I saw it myself later on). The play remained for decades in the repertoire and several years after its first night (on the occasion of its hundredth performance), the grateful public presented the company with an address signed by nearly ten thousand persons.

A still greater success was scored by the *Sea-Gull* (Dec. 16, 1888.) The play had failed in St. Petersburg on the Imperial Stage in spite of the fact that the best actors took part in it. Here, the direction achieved the miracle by finding the particular subdued tone applied to all the voices. The whole drama was acted in hushed tones and this helped to create the necessary atmosphere

without which no play of Tchegov can reach the audience. These tones create the mood, the necessary *Stimmung*. The atmosphere of disquietude, of insatisfaction, of spiritual loneliness reaching the highest degree of distress was wonderfully rendered by the artists. Tchegov, who was very downcast by the failure of his play, took heart again. As a sign of triumph the M. A. T. took the picture of a sea-gull as its symbol. A sea-gull hovers on its curtain, on the title pages of programs and on tickets and stationery. The M. A. T. is also called at present the House of Tchegov, similar to the *French Comedy* being called the *House of Molière*.

With the first successes the new principles of the M. A. T. became apparent. They were: the absolute power of the director over the artists and the working out of a marvellous ensemble. "Since the time the M. A. T. was founded", writes one critic, "the people of Moscow experienced moments of intense theatrical agitation. They go to the theatre not to admire the acting of stars but to witness the life of the crowd, to absorb the soul of the drama, to breathe the atmosphere of an entire universe."

Thus was indicated the tendency of the M. A. T. towards truth according to life, conceived in the naturalistic school. In the first place, it became obvious in the outward details, but by and by penetrated the soul of the artist himself, becoming, according to Stanislavsky, a state of psychological naturalism. Tolstoi's *Power of Darkness* (1902) exemplified the *slice of life* tendency in reproducing all petty details of peasant life and customs, but the wealth of details obstructed the drama, diverted the attention of the audience from the profound tragedy, the heroic conflict in the hearts of men and women. In producing Hamssuhn's play the direction sent an artist to Norway. For the *Lower Depths* (1902) by Gorky they delved into Moscow dives and in the flea-market in search of types. In the course of such research the M. A. T. reached perfection in devising scenic effects of lighting. They could create perfect illusions of moonlight, night, then the songs of birds, of different sounds and cries. Thus Maeterlink's *Blue Bird* was an electrical *faërie*; Ibsen's *Brandt* was a triumph of theatrical machinery. A special iron scaffolding was devised in the last act to present the scene of the avalanche. The actor was not moving among motionless mute scenic apparatus, the whole

stage setting lived and vibrated together with the artist, the artist was only a part of an organic whole, even sometimes superseded by property.

THEATRE OF ATMOSPHERE

The House of Tchekov naturally specialized in producing his plays. The main object of these were interior conflicts, with few outward climaxes. The emphasis lay primarily on the calling forth of the atmosphere that gradually subjugated the audience. It was achieved by unity of careful stage setting and marvellous ensemble acting. The play, with little plot or action seemed to stand still, but was transposed into the hearts of people; the gradual growth of certain feelings was shown; their struggles, their death and the appearance of new feelings in their place. These plays are mostly lyrical intermezzos in dramatic form. That is why Tolstoi intensely disliked the plays of Tchekov. Tchekov is the best painter of pre-revolutionary Russian life. Pessimistic on the whole, he tried to show the helplessness of an entire group of people before the mysterious destructive force of Life, but unlike Maeterlinck, he did not revert to symbols. Only the M. A. T. could fully convey the subtle moods of Tchekov's creations, proving that the spoken word is not the *ultima ratio* of the theatre, that there is something more potent, more profound and powerful—the *Voice of the Silence*.

Gorky was the other great author produced by M. A. T. He is in direct opposition to the melancholy lyricism of Tchekov. His plays have no plot and lack the airy delicacy of Tchekov. They are coarse, rather crudely romantic and endeavor to prove a thesis. The elaborate *mise-en-scene* that helped to create the moods in Tchekov's plays, only emphasized the crudeness of Gorky's productions. In this respect the *Lower Depths* is the perfection of M. A. T. production; every scene, every situation, yielded its full possible value. It could not be better.

To refute accusations that the M. A. T. could produce only plays of the type Tchekov prompted the direction to try another *genre*, and in Ibsen's *The Enemy of the People* they scored one of their greatest triumphs. Dr. Stockman exemplifies the strong man fighting against the established society, refusing to compromise in questions of moral responsibility; he is a representative

of extreme individualism. Stanislavsky created in this character such a powerful, original type, that it stands out as a literary monument aside of the play itself: a creation in itself. He presented Dr. Stockman as a scientist, retired from the world, not knowing it; absent-minded, idealistic, devoted to his dreams of a better world, a little laughable, touching and appealing, helpless and wavering. It was indeed a great creation and the Russian public, most critical in all the world, unanimously acknowledged it.

M. A. T. created a distinctive technique of acting. It replaced theatrical gestures and outcries by a natural and rather unexpressive manner of acting. Every intonation, every gesture of the actor had to be "*lived*", felt, registered in his whole person. While on the stage he could not step out of character; the last super had to be original and feel and act as if he were the person presented. Thus were created the mob scenes full of intense life. The actor had to forget his audience, create an impression that it watches through a keyhole what is going on in a private house or in any other place. The company was ruled with iron discipline. The theatre was their church, their convent with rules and discipline to obey. The actors did not just act, they officiated. The company had many aspirations in common, had no other interest outside of those of their theatre. Thus a powerful and active organization brought life to the theatre.

The Moscow Art Theatre did not confine himself to psychological and naturalistic plays. Different experiments were made along other lines. Romantic and symbolic plays by Leonid Andreev were produced; *Anathema*, *Life of Man*, for instance. Then too, a young and unknown English director was invited to produce Hamlet in a new manner. Gordon Craig came to Moscow to show the inner drama of Hamlet develop amidst draperies and Greek architectural settings. His plans were so vast and unpractical, and they demanded such a complex machinery, that after a few attempts he left in disgust without even showing his invention to the public. Hamlet was produced after Craig's departure by M. A. T. directors who kept the main idea of the Englishman, changing and simplifying secondary details (1910).

Summarizing the activity of M. A. T., one may say that it

vivified the degenerated Russian stage, and brought in a new active interest in theatrical work, that it attempted and realized many new and daring genres, and raised theatrical art to an unknown degree of perfection.

At the end of two centuries a significant change was noticeable in the general philosophical and literary tendencies. Realism did not satisfy the searching minds, and other sides of life attract and charm the imaginations; thus Maeterlinck heard the "murmur of Eternity in the Spaces" and in each humble act of life detected the manifestation of eternal spiritual laws, feels, the mystic bond uniting man and nature. Russia was also drawn into this mystic world with her particular literature and art. Realism was replaced by symbolism, neo-romanticism, decadent movement, modernism, As the philosophy of life underwent a change, the philosophy of the Theatre had to change also. Never before were different philosophical and ideological manifestos developed in such profusion, never were the squabbles of different schools of thought so intense and passionate, never was the theatre given more difficult problems to solve. In order to realize upon the stage the new type of plays inspired by modern tendencies, new technique had to be developed; it was easy to satisfy Realism, it was sufficient to imitate life perfectly, act painstakingly, work out a good ensemble, but how to put into form the vague dreams of a theatre-temple dedicated to a mystic form of a cult of Art, how to show not only the perceptible world, but to have the audience sense the hidden spiritual world, the Unknown, the realm of the Beyond. This was indeed a great problem. Realism on the stage began to be looked down on with contempt. Do what they would, the theatre could not be more alive than life itself; "A live mongrel will be always better than a painted one", had said Goethe and it was applied to the theatrical situation.

"Down with footlights", was the new war cry. "We do not want simply to watch performances, we want to gather together in a creative inspiration and create together with the author and the artists". Accordingly, Reinhardt led the crowd to wild enthusiasm when he showed his *Oedipus* in the circus of St. Petersburg with actors among the audience, stirring and sweeping the public into unity of emotion; Gordon Craig dreamed of mystic deities from

the banks of the Ganges, and Viacheslav Ivanov called the masses to communion in a mystic faith in art. Gordon Craig and Valery Brussov went to extremes demanding that the theatre should abandon all resemblance to reality and replace live actors by puppets. Sollogub figures the Universe as a stage setting behind which *His* soul is hidden, and he demands a theatre of "Unity of Will", belonging only to the author. He does not want any other creative effort besides his own, thus all stage properties, all creative work of actors are done away with. The author stands besides the stage and reads his work, and by and by the curtain is raised and actors perform according to the text read, sometimes speaking, sometimes executing stage directions read aloud. I must note here that the M. A. T. used this method for the unifying of a dramatic version of Dostoevsky's *Brothers Karamazov*, as I have seen it performed. In the heat of the squabble many critics denied any significance to the theatre and even made the suggestion of its complete destruction.

It was high time that the M. A. T. should take a hand in the matter. They decided to lead in the way of artistic innovations, and in 1905 (note how remote is the date) founded a Studio with the object of preparing new actors for the provinces to try out new styles of acting and new *genres* of play which were not included in the repertoire of the Mother-House. The Studio was closed within a year without even having produced a play before the public. Still, it had an influence; it brought into prominence its director, Meierhold, who elaborated new, fruitful principles of stage technique. Remembering Voltaire's words that the surest way of becoming a bore is to tell everything, he concentrated upon the power of suggestion instead of expression. In each play he directed, he sought to express the leading idea, the motif, the color of the impression it had to achieve: i.e. in an eighteenth century play the luxury of the kings of France was stressed and it was symbolized by the presentation of the king's bedroom where every single piece of furniture and decoration was purposely exaggerated to convey the sense of extravagance. The same note had to be stressed in the acting of the actors. This kind of theatricals called forth a pleiade of wonderful artists, painters of fanciful stylized sets, such as Sapounov and Soudeykin, who after

the War gained a world-wide reputation and are copied and imitated by American artists.

The technique of acting underwent a significant change. The actors strove not to create a type of living being but to bring forth the Idea, the essence of each personality. The diction was unnaturally cold, articulated distinctly. Tragic situations had to be sensed, not perceived, through gestures and change of voice. The actor had to stress not the immediate meanings of the dialogue but their second, inner, hidden meaning. All the quick, violent gestures were destructive to the sense of rhythm, to the mood pervading the symbolistic play—therefore no gestures were allowed. Thus was created the so-called *immovable theatre*, whose motto was Baudelaire's line: "Je hais le mouvement qui déplace les lignes".

The God of this new symbolic school was Maeterlinck. In his plays action is transposed into the soul of the characters, to him *immobility* means more than *action*, silence more than *words*. The great central force of his first dramas was *Death*, then he changed it to *Love* to end with *Peace* in simple hearts. Most important for the history of the Russian theatre are his first dramas. The mystery of death had always appealed to the mystical, spiritually inclined Russian mind. A great event in the theatrical Russian world was the production of *Sister Beatrice* in Vera Kommissarjevsky's theatre in St. Petersburg under the direction of Meierhold, who, after the closing of the M. A. T. studio, worked with the greatest of emotional Russian actresses. The mood of the pious legend of the Middle Ages was marvellously rendered and enhanced by the wonderful groupings of the artists, the stylized scenery and coloring, and the masterful and sublime acting of Mme. Kommissarjevsky. It is interesting to note that the theme of *Sister Beatrice* is the same one used in *The Miracle* played recently in the United States.

The greatest of the Russian modern poets, Alexander Block, gave three plays at this theatre. *The Puppet-Show* had the greatest success. It was a lyrical, symbolical picturization of the World-Puppet-Show, where Reality blended into symbols, where man struggled in a world of shadows seeking reality that always eluded him—a play almost impossible to present intelligently. Meierhold

did it in a broad, grotesque manner. It impressed greatly some critics; other were against it, the public struggled to understand, some did and admired; others did not and ridiculed; but the play created a stir and a memorable sensation. Other writers like Remizov and Sollugub followed in the same vein. The symbolical theatre seemed to prosper. In 1909 Meierhold left Vera Kommissarjevsky. He was replaced by another talented director—Evreinov—who proved such an extreme modernist that he alienated the sympathies of a rather progressive public, and in a year the theatre, after some successful productions, had to close. Shortly afterwards, Vera Kommissarjevsky died.

Meanwhile Meierhold underwent an evolution. The Theatre was no more a temple to him but the opposite extreme—a grotesque puppet-show. He advocated the grotesque, the music-hall style, the synthetic artist—that is the artist capable of singing, dancing, acrobatic feats. The theatre of *static* changed into the *dynamic* theatre. Meierhold concentrated on action, did away with the foats, endeavored to draw the audience into collective creative action, connected the stage with the audience-hall by flights of steps, seated actors among the audience and had scenes enacted in the stalls. In the present time, as the powerful Director of all state theatres of Soviet Russia, he concentrates on pageants, on mass-productions glorifying the workmen and the soldiers. At the moment his creative efforts seem to have degenerated. He is now a man about sixty years old.

The last two decades of the present century seem to be characterized by the rule of the Directors in the theatrical world. The director is all-powerful. He interprets the author, who has nothing to say; he orders about the unhappy sweating actors without any consideration. The régime that did away with stars (which was a blessing) put the Director in their places. The history of the Russian stage is mostly the history of different great Directors, and in a way, of great decorative painters like Glovine, Doboujinsky, and the before mentioned Sapounov and Soudeikine.

There remains to say a word about the so-called *school of theatricality* inaugurated by Evreinov. The latter is a most interesting personality, one of those Russians overburdened with talents. He is a playwright of no mean merit, a poet, a musician

with a solid mental training, a pupil of Rimsky-Korsakov, a composer, a pianist, a painter, and a creator of a new theatrical theory. He claims that although the newest discoveries in the ethnographical peculiarities of primitive tribes have shattered the established belief in the universality of the religious instinct, the instinct of theatricality (that is the wish to appear different, not what one is in reality) is noticed among the most primitive peoples. The world is the theatre of life. Every man plays in it a part, and the greatest periods of history are also the periods of brilliant theatricality. The court of Louis XIV was a great pageant and Napoleon was a first-class actor himself. Theatre is everywhere, not only on the stage. Therefore, it is futile to demand naturalness in a performance, for what is naturalness but another specific kind of theatricality itself? Hence long live theatricality and let it triumph in life! Down with naturalness, for it is only hampering the innate theatrical instinct in men! The audience must feel all the time that the performance they witness is *theatre*, not *life*. Evreinov was inclined to *charge*, to *grotesque*, it was theatrical. It satisfied the primordial instinct of theatricality inborn in man.

Another of his pet ideas is that of *monodrama*. Each play is to be the drama of one character; all the rest of the characters, as well as the scenery, are represented as this particular character views them in his mind. The lady-love flits about with a pair of angelic wings, the stern parent preventing the happy union appears as a monster, when the hero speaks of love to his sweetheart the stage is lighted with delicate shades, flowers rise around them, the simple bench where they sit is transformed into a fairy-tale throne. a beautiful music is heard; all this changes with the approach the villain. Although some of his ideas are extreme, still they are original and very stimulating. Last year in a theatrical review I saw an article about Vassar College dramatic club producing *Hamlet* or *Romeo and Juliet* in four different manners: Realistic, modernistic, romantic, and historical. It was very much like the manner Evreinov produced in 1911-12 in the Crooked Mirror Theatre in St. Petersburg Gogol's comedy the *Revising Officer*.

I have tried to show that the Russian theatre in its short career achieved many triumphs, swiftly outgrew its teachers, and took

a leading position in the theatrical world. Many new movements did it start, innovations in stage setting and coloring did it bring about, it struggled valiantly through many extremes and mistakes to find new paths, to show new forms and at present it is a recognized fact that this young new-comer leads the theatrical world.

by L. C. Hartley

HYDE PARK

I paid him two pence for may seat;
He kindly bowed and thanked.
He thought it but an iron bench
By bright azaleas flanked.

To me it was a magic throne,
And all the world could see
I'd had my coronation—
With twopence for a fee!

by *Herman Clarence Nixon*

DeBOW'S REVIEW

ONE of the most ambitious and long-sustained ventures ever attempted in Southern magazine journalism was launched in the forties of the last century by James Dunwoody Bronson DeBow. In this activity he incidentally bequeathed to historians a contemporary source that spans the last fifteen years of the existence of American slavocracy. The files of *DeBow's Review* furnish a veritable exhibit of the ante-bellum South in all its social and economic aspects and aspirations. Professor U. B. Phillips, whose intense works on the South reflect frequent use of this source, says in the *American Historical Review*, October, 1928, that it was "an organ for the airing of projects, mad or sane, for annexing Cuba, promoting direct trade with Europe, boycotting Northern manufactures and Northern colleges, procuring Southern text-books for Southern schools, reopening the African slave trade—anything and everything which might agitate and perhaps consolidate the South in a sense of bafflement within the Union and a feeling of separate destiny." James Ford Rhodes found this magazine an important Southern source to cite in his monumental *History of the United States from the Compromise of 1850*, and in his first volume he renders the estimate, "*DeBow's Review* was devoted to economical and social matters; it was one of the most powerful organs of the thinking people and best society of the South. Moreover, it had received the endorsement of fifty-five Southern senators and representatives in Congress for the 'ability and accuracy of its exposition of the working of the system of polity of the Southern States'".

But *De Bow's Review* was more than an exhibit of the agrarian system of the Old South. It was the projection of the mind and outlook of a man who was equally alert to modify the South as to change it. De Bow's life story would furnish material for a dynamic biography. He was born at Charleston in 1820, the son of a merchant born in New Jersey, and his father's reverses caused his heritage to partake more of the spirit than the substance

of commerce. He toured the land of the Pilgrim Fathers, but his first notable essay was on "Oregon and the Oregon Question". Graduating from Charleston College in 1843 and passing the next several months in legal studies and literary activities, he was at Memphis in 1845 as one of the secretaries of a commercial convention presided over by John C. Calhoun. Shortly he was in New Orleans to start a magazine, finding working quarters over a book-store at 22 Exchange Alley. He received the title of professor of political economy and commercial statistics at the ante-bellum University of Louisiana, served as superintendent of the federal census in the early fifties, sponsored Southern commercial conventions, delivered many lectures and addresses, helped found a historical society in Louisiana, and played the Civil War rôle of Confederate treasury agent for the purchase and handling of cotton. His indomitable enthusiasm was illustrated by his second marriage, which occurred in 1860, a few years after the death of his first wife, who had been Caroline Poe, of Georgetown, D. C. A widower turned forty, he won on short notice young and handsome Martha E. Johns, of Nashville, vowing his determination before she scarcely knew him and arousing in friends the jocular appraisal, "Beauty and the Beast". Overworked with duties connected with his magazine and a railway project, he died on a visit to the death-bed of a brother at Elizabeth, New Jersey, in 1867. His vision comprehended or anticipated the significance of the New West, of extensive railway transportation, and of the Southern industrial revolution; and this vision was uniquely stimulated as well as distorted by the vital presence of slavery.

In transferring his interest from Charleston to New Orleans, De Bow turned from the editorship of the literary *Southern Quarterly Review* to founding and editing the *Commercial Review of the South and West*, soon and ever to bear his name. This removal to "the great emporium of the South and West," as he called New Orleans, was a confessed turning from literature to more practical affairs. The establishment of a Southern counterpart to *Hunt's Merchant's Magazine* was his inspiration. He put on the title page of his new monthly the words of Carlyle, "Commerce is King," and wrote in the opening editorial of his first issue (January, 1846), "Disguise the painful truth as you

may, it is still stubbornly there, that the South and West have not yet, whatever the reasons, attained to that happy pre-eminence when a reading population, heartily appreciating literature and sympathetic with it for itself, and for itself alone, can be afforded large enough to give character and permanency to literary movements in their midst . . . The physical want precedes, in the order of time, the intellectual. Ploughshares come before philosophy."

This pertinent appreciation of the physical, the material, was matched by an uncanny insight into the significance of the West and the westward movement. Editorials and contributed articles in *DeBow's* touched on the shifting frontier, the wave-like westward sweep of population, the influence of free lands on liberty (aside from the institution of slavery), and the connection between slavery and expansion. One might almost construct Frederick Jackson Turner's interpretation of the American frontier by piecing together various statements from this ante-bellum magazine, so aptly did it catch the spirit of the romantic and dynamic West. It envisaged a utilitarian combination between this dynamic West and the militant South.

This South and West combination was to be no exclusively agrarian bloc. DeBow was not a Jeffersonian or a physiocrat, and his magazine became a sympathetic chronicle and an advance agent of industrial development. A recent article in the *South Atlantic Quarterly* on "Industrialism in the Ante-bellum South" shows forty citations to *DeBow's Review* in ninety footnotes. Southern cotton factories, cottonseed oil mills, turpentine enterprises, and other manufacturing ventures were written up in its pages. A commercial convention speech by DeBow predicted the problem of surplus slave population and urged as the proper solution an expansion in factories and railroads, an "industrial revolution in the South". The *Review* from its first issue emphasized the arrival of the "age of railroads", the importance of rail connections between the South and West, and the inadequacy of future reliance on water transportation alone. Discussing the "Industrial Regeneration of the South", in the January number, 1852, J. H. Lumpkin, of Georgia, hit off the DeBow point of view with the statement "that agriculture improves just in proportion as manufactures advance". DeBow's "imperial imagi-

nation" constructed, with a Henry Clay sweep, a co-ordinated economic system for the ante-bellum South, embracing agriculture, industry and transportation, but emphasizing direct trade with Europe in place of Clay's favorite protective tariff argument. "Always and always," runs a New Orleans newspaper comment, "his cry was for the industrial development of the South." This hobby led his periodical into statistical illuminations and commercial convention sponsorships that suggest the Baltimore *Manufacturer's Record* of a later day.

DeBow's Review had more breadth and depth than a modern trade journal or chamber of commerce organ. It carried historical articles, brief book reviews and literary notes, with glimpses of European thought. It was a forum of discussion, tolerating the statement of agrarian doctrine contrary to its own editorial attitude. It called itself "a monthly journal of trade, commerce, commercial polity, agriculture, manufactures, internal improvements, and general literature." It expounded a broad view of the advantages of business enterprise. "The Origin, Progress and Influences of Commerce" was the title of an unsigned article, which appeared in February, 1846, and gave an eloquent sketch of the commercial and cultural development of Italian mediaeval cities, pointed to the civilizing forces of frontier merchants, touched on commercial intercourse as stimulating new wants, wider views and improved manners, and asserted that commerce is "the parent of civilization" and "a natural guardian of the arts and sciences". Such ideas were recurrent in other articles, as in "Commerce and Fine Arts".

But the DeBow enthusiasm for commerce and industry did not cover agricultural Dixie "like the dew". The publication had as hard sledding as the more literary periodicals of the time and section and would have come to an end after three years but for a timely financial rescue by Maunsel White, a wealthy merchant of New Orleans. The commercialization and industrialization of the minds of agrarians was no easy task. In addition to inertia, there was a positive complex to overcome. Notwithstanding the argument that industrialization would furnish an outlet for surplus slave labor, it was a Southern fear that industrialization might jeopardize the institution of slavery.

Cotton mill development with slave labor meant serious limitations. Southern railway development, though extensive, did not measure up to DeBow's expectations. There were the checks of internal jealousies and rivalries, sometimes breaking into the unity of the Southern commercial conventions of the period. The DeBow dream of a continental railway through the South and the West failed of ante-bellum realization, partly through intersectional jealousy. Finally when Southern industrialism seemed an approaching reality toward the end of the fifties, bitter political discussion and the pro-slavery crusade swamped the Southern commercial conventions and the pages of *DeBow's Review* itself. So DeBow was destined to remain a prophet ahead of his time, not seeing the realization of his dream of an industrialized South. When his publication was driven from New Orleans by the vicissitudes of war to a temporary location at Columbia, South Carolina, there was some truth in the editorial observation, in July, 1864, "Had the South not resisted the efforts of her true friends it was possible for her, fifteen or twenty years ago, to have averted the evils which have come upon her." And this was accompanied by an editorial paragraph on the South's lack, in the great crisis, of the aid of a strong and stirring literature. The significance of great industries and a great literature was appreciated, even if the reasons for their slight existence were not fathomed.

Though the war interrupted both its continuity and its policy, *DeBow's Review* manifested a resilient reaction to the changes and problems following the war. A DeBow circular of revival, dated at Washington, D. C., October 1, 1865, announced the aim to maintain a magazine of national character but devoted especially to the "re-establishment of Southern Prosperity, and the building up of its fields of industry and enterprise, rendered necessary under the new and altered conditions of things". The revived *Review* was to accept the existing situation in good faith, with the hope that the South could be restored on the basis proposed by the President and with past issues considered dead. The magazine now announced its interests as "Literature, Education, Agriculture, Commerce, Internal Improvements, Manufactures, Mining and Statistics, The Question of the Freedman." The first numbers after the War contained editorials or contributed articles on such subjects

as commerce, finance, banking, Southern railways, impressions of Southern cities, and the Southern future. "In Lieu of Labor," written for the July-August number, 1867, by E. Q. Bell of the editorial staff, was illustrated with pictures of labor-saving implements and machinery, which it pointed to as the immediate need of the South. DeBow himself spoke out frankly on the comparison of free negro labor with slavery. Summarizing his own testimony before a congressional committee in the *Review* for May, 1866, he said, "If we can get the labor, it will be cheaper to hire than to own the negro."

The "after the war series" of *DeBow's Review* covered the years 1866-1870, with a single volume for parts of 1879 and 1880. For a while after DeBow's death, in 1867, R. G. Barnwell and Edwin Q. Bell edited the magazine under the proprietorship of the DeBow heirs. Later, W. M. Burwell became editor and proprietor. A few of the post-war issues were printed at Nashville, and expansion beyond pre-war activity was indicated by the establishment of office connections at Nashville, New Orleans, and New York, as well as by the volume of advertising matter. The magazine in the late sixties became an advertising medium that reflected a keen general interest in the Southern economic revival. The number for December, 1866, for instance, contained sixty-seven pages that were filled entirely with advertisements. These pink pages listed or displayed such items as guano, agricultural implements, engines and boilers, cotton mill machinery, saw mills, scales, washing machines, jewelry, drugs and insurance. The Southern industrial revolution of DeBow's dream seemed to be at hand; but it was no gradual development of Southern economic independence, for many of these advertisements represented a sudden business invasion from the North, more vitally affecting the tone and spirit of Southern life than the temporary military or political invasion. The statesmanship of the Old South was severely criticized in an unsigned article, in May, 1868, for having opposed national aid and given "obstruction to all the modes of mixed industry." Napoleon III was praised in a series of articles and held up to the South as a model for the encouragement of integrated development.

In a letter to Governor Perry, of South Carolina, which was published in the *Review* in January, 1866, DeBow advocated that

the South "*throw her immense uncultivated domain into the market at a low price; reduce the quantity of land held by individual proprietors and resort to intelligent and vigorous measures at the earliest moment, to induce an influx of population and capital from abroad*". He considered that the South was suitable for white labor, and that the culmination of the westward movement would turn a tide southward. He opposed the emigration of Southerners to Brazil and Mexico, advising reconstructive economic activity during the times of political darkness. In publishing a sympathetic article on "The American Colony in Mexico", January, 1866, the magazine carried an editorial note taking issue with the contributed item and stating, "Our theory is, that liberty may yet be enjoyed in the land of our nativity. . . . We have the nerve yet to endure and wait." As if further to forecast the under-dog outlook of Booker T. Washington, DeBow also protested editorially against the early post-war tendency toward fashionable extravagance in the South. An editorial appearing shortly after his death recommended Southern reconciliation toward the black men as the best way of getting rid of the radical regime.

As in ante-bellum days, there was not full escape from agrarian interests and politics. The *Review* published an article in November, 1866, that, in a way, foreshadowed Bryan and the Populists as well as the more recent Senate blocs. This article denounced the "North-Eastern moneyed aristocracy", asserting that the world had never seen an aristocracy "half so powerful, half so corrupt, so unprincipled, and rapacious, nor one-tenth so vulgar and so ignorant". This post-war aristocracy owned Southern railroads, Southern factories, and Southern debts, and "scotching the Southern Hydra" had produced "a monster ten times more terrible". The Northwest was called on to unite with the South to "make war upon our common enemies, the moneyed aristocracy of the North-East". This was a revamping of the early DeBow idea of uniting the South and West. It was a shift from the spirit of Frederick J. Turner to the spirit of William E. Dodd as an anticipative interpretation of American history.

Perhaps the post-war series of *DeBow's Review* has not been adequately appreciated. It is a valuable source for showing the significance of the Civil War as a turning point in Southern eco-

conomic development, for revealing the current of industrial change that was existent during the very days of the politically "tragic era" in Southern history. This series, considered comparatively with the volumes prior to the war, furnishes material for the study of the transformational effects of the war and its aftermath on Southern social life and attitudes, for documenting the story of the surrender of social position by the Southern country gentleman to the captain of industry or commerce. Had J. D. B. DeBow lived longer, his magazine would have lived longer, and it might have become a Southern *World's Work*, highly acceptable to a Walter Hines Page.

by Elizabeth Davis Richard

MIRACLE

My tree is silent through Winter's months,
Leafless and cold and dead,
Until Spring's sun shall gently place
A halo on its head.

Then leaves shall feel an inner urge
To answer April's call,
And that which seemed insensate
Spreads beauty over all.

But I who know the muted sound
Of trees numbed by the cold
Stand humbled by the miracle
When leaves unfold.

by Charles Henri Ford and Parker Tyler

BLUES

WHAT HAPPENS TO A RADICAL LITERARY MAGAZINE

BLUES started with a jump—with a spurt from the heart and a slap from the brain. The world was not prepared for it, for the world is never prepared for really good things that are also new. *Blues* was a good thing because its originator and collaborators had an instinct for the good new thing. Of course, those who are, eternally, arbiters of “good” literature, i.e., professional writers, pedants, and outstanding madmen, are constitutionally opposed to the good new thing, the reasons for this being so obvious that there is no need to itemize them dully.

It should be recorded, as a gesture of self-defense, that the enemies of *Blues* have disgraced themselves thoroughly in the ways sanctified by the incompetent—the most egregious being, at this writing, the New York Times, Mr. Edward W. Titus, (editor of *This Quarter*, Paris), and *The Criterion* (London).

Indeed, we wish to make no bones about the fact that we dogmatically regard everybody who charges *Blues'* writers with imbecility and madness, as a pathological specimen of one kind or another. It has been truly amazing that, as number has followed number, the adverse, publicly solemnized criticisms of *Blues* have been distressingly uniform in inconsequence. Not one has been free of an emotionalism which may be described justly only as some species of intellectual hysteria. In the words of common observation, everyone of them has been genuinely frightened.

To quote the New York *Times*:

Out of Columbus, Miss., has come a new magazine.... *Blues: A Magazine of New Rhythm*.... biographical notes indicate in ordinary language that the contributors come from all parts of the country and that they are young. Rhythm is their common obsession. It makes them indifferent to rhyme and reason.... Why a passion for rhythm should obliterate the desire for meaning in these young writers is a puzzle....

The number of *Blues* of which this editorial was a notice, contained two pages of the work of H. D., a well established poet of whom the editorial writer, apparently, had never heard, or if he had heard of her he had deliberately overlooked her presence in order to make his point; he had also, perhaps, deliberately overlooked the fact that several writers of considerable reputation were on the board of contributing editors.

A distinctly amusing edge was given to the opinion of this editorial when the London *Criterion* came out with a comment on the same number of *Blues* which the *Times* noticed, observing that *simplicity* seemed to be the object of this group of writers, and remarked (erroneously) that there were no new rhythms in *Blues*.

Here, then, was the other side of the coin! One commentator quoted a sample of the contents to prove that their abstruseness was almost insane, and the other quoted a sample to prove that these young writers grimly sought simplicity of meaning!

Obviously, something attacked the nostrils in Denmark, and, speaking more plainly, each notice had been fraught with a determination to overlook what was worthwhile (however sometimes awkward or abortive) in *Blues*. Perhaps one writer was genuinely stupid enough to imagine that there was little or no sense in the magazine. The other, inescapably, was foppish enough to select a certain primitive characteristic in a couple of poems and emphasize that in implicit detriment. Neither elected to offer a comprehensive or intelligent critical opinion of the aims behind the magazine's existence: a thing which it would have been merely just and simple and sane to do. But the editors learned fatally at this point that the conservative forces among the culturally conscious were out with an almost prehistoric desire to protect their lives.

Perhaps it is really superfluous to drag in the statement of Mr. Edward W. Titus, that the fertilizer [*sic*] used by the moderns on both sides of the water is strikingly homogeneous, but it illustrates another facet of the opposing forces and that is that when vulgarity is mixed with the shoddiest intellectual calibre, the barest thought of intelligent criticism is dismissed, and that the resultant posture is of a man-servant's being above cleaning his master's pants.

Yet the impression must not be given that *Blues* has lacked helpful supporters. Many modern writers have, either with or without solicitation, contributed without monetary reimbursement. There have been William Carlos Williams, Eugene Jolas, Ezra Pound, Witter Bynner, Mark Van Doren, Kay Boyle, Alfred Kreymborg, Gertrude Stein, Laura Riding, and some even newer. Of course, all this is as it should be.

We have learned, from the report of a writer recently returned from Europe, that the first number of *Blues* was the talk of several literary circles in London, one composed of many prominent writers. If this case is true, it would have been only gracious for some of them to have written offering encouragement and perhaps some words of caution and advice. We do not mean that such advice would have been taken—it probably would not have been—but the attention would have been valuable in support of the suffering spirit of literary radicals, to which we necessarily attest.

II

It should be quite beside our intention to offer defenses of particular work which has appeared in *Blues*. The policy governing our selection might have been sufficiently evident to anyone with an open mind (how ambiguous that trite expression has become!) and an ordinarily acute intelligence. No doubt, some perfectly worthless stuff got in: it was not, at first, our intention to publish blueribbon literature. The general tendency in taste was certainly toward the significant in legitimate new literary modes.

But the important thing to be considered is the fate which must befall any attempt at cultural renovation (we prefer the word to *revolution*), for each attempt has the partially secret but wholly venomous antipathy of the lords of cultural destiny. A magazine is an organized effort (of some of strength and responsibility) to promulgate ideas, whether aesthetic, political or social. Money, little or much, and personal enthusiasm, are behind these efforts. A magazine with the courage to publish apparent imbecilities and indubitable grotesqueries inevitably, therefore, excites the hostility of the intellectually and artistically conservative.

It is hardly necessary to point to historic examples. The *Little*

Review, as bizarre as *Blues* but with less critical responsibility, turned a picturesque somersault into oblivion. Margaret Anderson and Jane Heap, its editorial sponsors, were fortunate enough, at one time, to engage the interest of Mr. Otto Kahn, who, however, apparently lost faith in the *Little Review's* venturesomeness.

The world has grown a little older since the sparkling dust settled about the *Little Review's* remains. There have been new writers galore and the ranks (however thin) of the genuinely formidable have been augmented. Such a fact, spontaneously and superficially considered, might give cause for superior confidence in the graceful reception of a new radical literary magazine (*transition*, which sprang up almost out of the ashes of the *Little Review*, found its principal strength in Europe, and is now itself extinct). But such a start of confidence overlooks the fact that as men grow older (our words cannot be choked back) they get selfish, petty and envious of new life; yea, even the enlightened and even the laureled.

Professional literary politics must always have a good share of the blame—or why, for instance, should the *Times* have given nearly a foot of its Sunday editorial space to a little magazine strayed in from Columbus, Mississippi? The editorial was either personal or impersonal. If it was personal, it suffered from a private constitutional bias that smacks of revelations about the inferiority complex; if it was impersonal, it evidently considered that a blow ought to be struck for the shibboleth of established money-making literature. Print, under such conditions, becomes the sanction for the chauvinistic, hypochondriac, even nostalgic fulminations of the intellectually decadent.

III.

But do we intimate that *Blues* has discontinued or is imminently to discontinue because of the rude receptions of high-and-mighty contemporaries? It has not nor is it likely to. The only thing is the idea of effective propaganda against the frailties of our enemies.

We have found that superior flippancy in controversy only ingrains in our opponents the belief that we are inconsequential—

that, perhaps, we do not mean our heresies after all. The fact is that the facetiousness of our opponents is of that professorial sort which is the answer of offended official dignity, and emanates from the subconscious without the grace of criticism. Of course, this facetiousness hides, as we have said enough to imply, a state of genuine fear, signified in the disproportionate attention given an alleged point of adolescent misconduct in us.

Moreover, most writers to whom we have replied (by all indications on their part) completely miss the innuendo of concentrated obliqueness. This result, no doubt, is the fault of our own superiority complex. At least it is indubitable to them that we do not like them.

Yet we wish to take the matter seriously. We have even carried a little fight into the wording of our advertisements; in that way, it is true, we perhaps discourage possible readers, who may imagine that a magazine which has enemies must be a bad magazine indeed.

Perhaps we may profitably draw the attention of such people to the fact that if they are actually and fundamentally the sort who desires to be sweetly reassured of his affinity with the rest of society, they are, from our point of view, hopeless—they are no prospects at all. At the same time, this note may remind them that there is some virtue in curiosity.

And if we do not actually grow despondent in the face of our enemies and their largely political methods, it is simply because, as we have already said, we are young and naturally optimistic, and, of course, have the confidence of our legitimacy.

We conclude that we must grow up to be literary men, full-blown, powerful, and we must not be like those who are over forty years old now. We have reasoned that we are living in an unfortunate generation, in an unfortunate era; the accident of literary evolution has been unfavorable—or is it to be regarded—regardless—as favorable? We leave it more or less for the doubter, for things are changing very rapidly, and there are reactionisms which are possessed of respectable, if somewhat overzealous, consciences.

We beg, despite the fact that our philosophical conclusion is that we must show some restraint in the presence of the confusion and indignity of our elders, to reserve the Bronx cheer for certain ones—as, for instance, those whose correspondence is so unprintable that we must reserve it for the chortles of literary dens, and for the basis of a solemn exhortation to our confederates to suppress nothing in one's youth, however outlandish, for in one's advanced age it will sound much more outlandish, and not a little macabre.

by Howard Mumford Jones

GRADUATE ENGLISH STUDY

ITS RATIONALE

V

As I have indicated, a second preliminary to effective graduate work is the acquainting of the student with the bibliography and methods of literary investigation. Every professor in charge of research work knows at once the difficulties of the problem, but, since some prefer to ignore it and many are ignorant of its real complexities, a simple statement of what is meant by this department of graduate training will not be out of place. Briefly, the literary student faces the necessity of learning something about historiography. He must know where to turn for exact information; and since multitudes of studies on all sorts of studies have been made, since journals are published in all the tongues of Europe, since he must at least know of the existence of such matters as folk-lore, philology, the history of the arts, social and political history, and the like, not to speak of manifold bibliographies within the field of literature itself, most graduate schools institute a course in which the student is taught the quickest and most thorough methods of discovering the latest complete information on a particular subject, together with the proper methods for doing his own work. In addition, such courses often attempt some elementary information about printing and its history; after all, the business of the student is with books, and it is at least desirable that he should know how books are made, and how errors creep in between the authentic manuscript and the printed word. Naturally this involves the history of publishing. And this training, though it begin in a single course, has to be constantly stressed during the whole period of his graduate work.

Now of course the objection is valid that too much is published which is merely inconsequential. Mr. Canby is perfectly right in objecting to the triviality of much "research," though he is again perfectly right in stating there is argument for every piece of research, however small. But we are again confronted with a

condition, not a theory; and the familiar argument is still valid that no one knows beforehand what trivial fact will lead to the establishment of new truths.

By way of example, I turn to Professor Lowes' *The Road to Xanadu*. "My debt," he says in the preface,¹⁴ "to the monumental bibliography of Thomas Wise" can scarcely be repaid; "grateful homage" is also recorded to the memory of two great recent editors of Coleridge; "and with these three must be named for special thanks Professor Alois Brandl." Why? Well, because some thirty years ago Professor Brandl printed—and I quote the reference in all of its dullness—"Archiv XCVII (1896), pp. 333-72 (S. T. Coleridge's Notizbuch aus den Jahren 1795-1798)"—a forgotten and obscure publication until Professor Lowes found it and made it, together with the notebook itself, the basis of his magnificent superstructure. If Professor Lowes is thus grateful to the bibliographer, it is only as all sound work is based on careful citation and close bibliographical scrutiny; and it is right and necessary that the student should learn to manipulate this instrument of precision.

Once again, we are rather remote from "imagination, intuition, emotion, and prophecy" no less than from "the universal and unchanging in man," unless we accept the possibility of error as being one of the most universal and unchanging qualities of mankind—whence the necessity for constant supervision of citations and bibliographical footnotes. Here again, I am saying nothing new; but there is a tendency just now to dismiss the apparatus of scholarship as being pedantic and dull. Dull it certainly can be—something in the human mind, some imp of the perverse, revolts against accuracy—but we cannot escape the demon by calling him names, and the unfortunate tendency of many writers to avoid or eliminate precision is one of the most annoying tendencies in the American field. An illustration or two may not be out of place.

For example, Mr. Meade Minnigerode recently wrote a book ironically entitled *Jefferson: Friend of France, 1793*,¹⁵ devoted to an exposé of Jefferson's duplicity in his treatment of Genet, the first representative of the French Republic. Mr. Minnigerode

¹⁴ Boston, 1927, pp. xii-xiii.

¹⁵ New York, 1928. The quoted passages are from p. vii.

makes the definite charge that Jefferson was two-faced in handling this episode; that he was a traitor to Genet, and almost a traitor to the United States. This is a serious impeachment of a great man. Mr. Minnigerode bases his charges upon a study of the "private papers of Citizen Genet, now in the possession of his granddaughter, and rendered accessible for the first time to public inspection by her courtesy." There are enough papers to "fill a sizeable trunk." But although a bibliography some eleven pages is appended to the work, the whole volume is innocent of footnotes; and though Mr. Minnigerode prints extracts from the Genet papers, he does not inform us upon what principle he has made his extracts, nor does he anywhere permit us a full view of these crucial manuscripts. Since his citations from books do not give us exact information, we do not know from what context a particular passage in book or letter is torn. In view of Mr. Minnigerode's obvious animus against Jefferson, the careful student desires to check his statements at every turn, but Mr. Minnigerode has rendered this impossible, and his testimony is therefore to be dismissed.

Let us now cite another study of Jefferson, this time by a trained student, Professor Gilbert Chinard, whose *Thomas Jefferson: The Apostle of Americanism*¹⁰ is also based upon unpublished material—the Jefferson papers in the Library of Congress, the existence of which Mr. Minnigerode seems to have ignored. Professor Chinard as a careful man tells us exactly where he secures everything; he quotes nothing without giving its source and telling us where we can find it. Professor Chinard deals only incidentally with the Genet affair, but it is remarkable that he finds among the unpublished Jefferson papers "a scathing denunciation of the French minister which was probably thought too strong, for it is marked 'not inserted' on the manuscript." Clearly this document has some bearing on the situation; what that bearing is, we must leave the authorities to decide; and my present point is merely to show the untrustworthiness of the one method of work, and the trustworthiness of the other. It is therefore in the latter tradition that we desire the graduate students to be trained.

But as it may be objected that these examples concern the his-

¹⁰ Boston, 1929. The quotation in my text is from page 296. Incidentally, Mr. Chinard disposes effectually of the vague charge that Jefferson was an advocate of "Rousseauism" by showing that he owes little to Rousseau.

torian, let us turn to the field of critical interpretation. A naïve view which used to be widely held, and which has not yet vanished, is that of a necessary opposition between eighteenth century classicism and romanticism—indeed, the phrase “romantic revolt” as a critical term has been much bandied about. The eighteenth century, we are told, turned its back on the middle ages; the romantic movement represents a revival of interest in mediævalism, and this view was expressed as recently as Beers’ *English Romanticism in the Eighteenth Century*, with the result that some critical theories as to the inward nature of romanticism were formed upon it. What has happened since? Well, much dull labor spent in collecting bibliographical information about editions of Chaucer and much drudgery directed towards assembling citations of Chaucer have had the result of indicating that the eighteenth century was perhaps not so ignorant of mediæval matters as had been supposed; and further investigation among the records of the eighteenth century antiquarianism will, I think, strengthen this view. Again the naïve view that the eighteenth century was not greatly interested in Shakespeare vanishes when the facts of editions and productions of Shakespeare are patiently put together; and the position is no longer tenable that the romantic movement re-discovered that dramatist. As a result, critical theories as to what romanticism and classicism really are have had to be re-aligned; Professor Lovejoy writes a paper¹⁷ showing that there is not one, but a number of romanticisms; and almost every month reveals an unexpected richness and variety in eighteenth century thought. I hope it is clear that all such investigations go back eventually to the dull drudgery of bibliographical and textual methodology; and yet their effect is to render obsolescent “critical interpretations” of literature based on insufficient information.

Perhaps, however, a more immediate illustration will serve to show the necessity for careful work—this time in the citation of sources. In *Rousseau and Romanticism*, Professor Irving Babbitt’s brilliant attack upon post-Rousseauan literature, that erudite scholar refers to Wordsworth in some seventeen passages, vary-

¹⁷PMLA, 1924, pp. 229-53.

ing from a sentence to several pages.¹⁸ In these passages he blames Wordsworth for calling a child of six a mighty seer; for retiring into the Lake Country in order to retreat from the oppression of the real; for adopting a romantic attitude toward the country; for believing that the peasant is more poetical than the aristocrat; for exalting the ass in the poem, "Peter Bell"; for believing the unconscious in a poem called "The Fountain"; for believing that nature is tender and pitiful; for indulging in Rousseauian paradoxes about the relation of nature and simple people; for escaping evil by contemplating the speargrass on the wall; for giving Peter Bell a ghostly double; and for taking delight in travel literature. In one passage he commends Wordsworth for declaring that natural objects find "in the heart of man no natural home."

— Let us examine this last passage. Mr. Babbitt quotes the following lines from Wordsworth's *Miscellaneous Sonnets*, xii:

Nor will I praise a cloud, however bright,
Disparaging Man's gifts and proper food—
Grove, isle, with every shape of sky-built home,
Though clad in colors beautiful and pure,
Find in the heart of man no natural home.

Upon these lines Mr. Babbitt's comment is (p. 271) that "some sense of the gap between man and the 'outworld' is almost inevitable and forces itself at times even upon those most naturistically inclined;" and further that Wordsworth here "reminds us rather of Socrates who gave as his reason for going so rarely into the country, delightful as he found it when once there, that he did not learn from woods and rills but from the 'men in cities'" (p. 272).

Let us now put the whole sonnet before us (*Miscellaneous Sonnets*, II:xii). It is prefaced with certain lines from the preceding sonnet describing a sunset:

. . . they are of the sky
And from our earthly memory fade away.

The sonnet itself is:

These words were uttered as in pensive mood
We turned, departing from that solemn sight:
A contrast and reproach to gross delight,
And life's unspiritual pleasures daily wooed!

¹⁸ Boston, 1919. The passages are to be found on pp. xvii; 1; 52; 74; 83; 91; 145-6; 166; 171; 197; 237; 248-51; 256; 262; 272; 277. One citation (p. 92) is colorless. In citing Wordsworth I have used the Oxford *Wordsworth*, ed. T. Hutchinson, 1904, used by Professor Babbitt.

But now upon this thought I cannot brood;
 It is unstable as a dream of night;
 Nor will I praise a cloud, however bright,
 Disparaging Man's gifts, and proper food.
 Grove, isle, with every shape of sky-built dome,
 Though clad in colors beautiful and pure,
 Find in the heart of man no natural home:
 The immortal Mind craves objects that endure:
 These cleave to it; from these it cannot roam,
 Nor they from it: their fellowship is secure.

Clearly, whatever Wordsworth means, he says nothing whatever like preferring men in cities to natural objects as Socrates does; what he says is that he prefers, to the transient phenomena of nature, however beautiful, objects of thought that eternally endure; and that these he seeks, or the immortal Mind seeks for him. I take these objects that endure to be the Platonic arch-types of things. However that may be, the observation we must make is that Mr. Babbitt has not let us grasp Wordsworth's meaning.

In another passage (p. 256) Mr. Babbitt writes: "for a Wordsworth [evil] is something one may escape by contemplating the speargrass on the wall" and gives us a reference to *The Excursion*, I 943ff. Let us turn, not merely to the single line indicated, but to the whole passage. The Old Man is soliloquizing after the affecting story of Margaret's death as follows:

She sleeps in the calm earth, and peace is here.
 I well remember that these very plumes,
 Those weeds, and the high spear-grass on that wall,
 By mist and silent rain-drops silvered o'er,
 As once I passed, into my heart conveyed
 So still an image of tranquility,
 So calm and still, and looked so beautiful
 Amid the uneasy thoughts which filled my mind,
 That what we feel of sorrow and despair
 From ruin and from change, and all the grief
 That passing shows of Being leave behind,
 Appeared an idle dream, that could maintain,
 Nowhere, dominion o'er the enlightened spirit
 Whose meditative sympathies repose
 Upon the breast of Faith.

(I:941-955.)

Premising our remarks with the fact (ll. 934-5) that Margaret died a Christian death and that we are explicitly told in the poem that the Old Man (the Wanderer) believes in God, we soon discover that Wordsworth says no such absurd thing as that we can escape evil by contemplating the speargrass on the wall; what he says is that to the religious mind, scenes of peace and calm, even

in the midst of sorrow and anxiety, make one think of eternal peace and calm such as is enjoyed by the great Being who is behind the shows and appearances of things—something resembling the doctrine of Plato as set forth with approval by Mr. Babbitt elsewhere in the book.¹⁹

A third instance, and I am done. Mr. Babbitt tells us that Wordsworth believes the peasant is more poetical than the aristocrat because he is closer to nature, for Wordsworth, "as he himself avows, is less interested in the peasant for his own sake than because he sees in him a sort of emanation of the landscape" (p. 145); and he supports this view in a footnote by quoting the following lines from "Michael":

Shepherds, dwellers in the valley, men
Whom I already loved;—not verily
For their own sakes, but for the fields and hills
Where was their occupation and abode.

Let us once again turn to the whole passage in which the quotation appears:

It was the first
Of those domestic tales that spake to me
Of Shepherds, dwellers in the valley, men
Whom I already loved; not verily
For their own sakes, but for the fields and hills
Where was their occupation and abode.
And hence this Tale, while I was yet a Boy
Careless of books, yet having felt the power
Of nature, by the gentle agency
Of natural objects, led me on to feel
For passions that were not my own, and think
(At random and imperfectly indeed)
On man, the heart of man, and human life. (ll. 21-23.)

What the poet says is that as a boy he loved the shepherds as he loved the fields and hills which were their abode, but that, even before he knew books, the tales that were told of them, and the story of Michael in particular, led him to feel that they were not

¹⁹ For example, on p. 294: "Some of the myths of Plato again are imaginative renderings of a supersensuous realm to which man has no direct access. They are symbolical representations of an infinite that the romanticist leaves out of his reckoning." (He is speaking with reference to Schelling.) See the index under Plato.

mere units in the landscape, but men like himself with similar emotions (passions), and that this conclusion in turn led him to meditate upon man, the heart of man, and the vicissitudes of human life. Far from seeing the shepherds as emanations of landscape, as perhaps he originally had done, he has learned sharply to differentiate these shepherds as human beings capable of joys and sorrows. By suppressing all but four lines of the passage, however, Mr. Babbitt has failed to give us Wordsworth's whole meaning, and has wellnigh turned that meaning upside down.

I am not sufficiently a Wordsworthian to know whether, in spite of these errors, Mr. Babbitt's reading of Wordsworth is still correct; and it is but fair to state that in his preface he calls "attention . . . to the Rousseauistic and primitivistic elements in Wordsworth but [does] not assert that this is the whole truth about Wordsworth" (p. xvii). But even the presentation of part of the truth about Wordsworth should be based upon a candid presentation of the author's meaning in particular passages. Mr. Babbitt, however, has not been candid with us. Why should this be? I suspect the following sentence in his "Introduction" will tell us: "One's views," he writes, "as to the philosophical value of Rousseauism must . . . weigh heavily in a total judgment of Wordsworth." This is exactly what has happened. Mr. Babbitt's views of the philosophical value of Rousseauism have weighed so heavily on his judgment that he has cited only lines which bear out his peculiar interpretation, and he has omitted to cite the whole passages in which these particular lines are found. The result is therefore that Mr. Babbitt presents us with something very different from what Wordsworth said.²⁰

As my present point is neither to defend Wordsworth nor to discuss the philosophical assumptions which lie behind Mr. Babbitt's and Mr. Cerf's interpretations, I shall content myself merely

²⁰As showing how far this simple error in method may lead, one should consult the article by Professor Barry Cerf (PMLA, December, 1922) based upon Mr. Babbitt's reading of Wordsworth, in which Mr. Cerf pictures the poet as a false teacher who derives inspiration from the world of the senses, which, he says, "all religions pronounce to be the enemies of man's higher nature." But, as Professor Joseph Warren Beach points out in his essay "Expostulation and Reply" (PMLA, 1925), this interpretation rests upon a very slender foundation in fact—indeed upon scarcely more than two poems; and a careful re-examination of the poet indicates that Wordsworth really teaches exactly the opposite of what Professor Cerf says Wordsworth says.

with calling attention to the important error in method upon which these interpretations are based, and to the dangers of a doctrinal reading of texts. Our business, as I understand it, is to find out in a humble spirit of inquiry what literary masterpieces really say; and it seems to me we run into all sorts of perils of misinterpretation and misquotation when we abandon a candid examination of the author's words for a selective process which depends upon some philosophic or æsthetic dogma. And I confess that I am unshaken in the belief that a second essential in graduate training is still a sound discipline in method—that is, in securing complete and definite information from reliable sources, in giving all your author's words in a definite case, in reading these words candidly and honestly as the author meant them. I must believe therefore that a large portion of our effort in training the student must still be given over to this routine labor.

Again, I am conscious of saying nothing new; the importance of accuracy is cheerfully admitted on all sides. But the significance of accuracy is quite another matter; and I am impressed in the present discussions of graduate training by the ease with which our critics neglect or pass over the inculcation of exactitude and caution in literary study, time-consuming and laborious and dull though its routine may be. There is a vague feeling that somehow this training can be got around or got under or shortened or re-directed. I do not particularly care whether a student's predilections lie in the direction of history, of criticism, or of philology; but it is my experience that the inculcation of accuracy in dealing with texts is a difficult task. Yet while we are laboring with him, the study of literature as "imagination, intuition, emotion, and prophecy" is, I ruefully confess, again postponed. My only comfort is that nothing proposed in the various programs of reform for the last twenty-five years seems to solve the difficulty any better than I can. In the meantime, of course, the years that our student can spend in the graduate school are slipping by.

VI

The third instrumental subject to which our student is early introduced is philology; and while the necessity for the development of a time-sense and for accurate workmanship seems to me

plain and open, with respect to philology we must prepare to consider divergent views. Historically, philology was once more important in literary study than literary history; and in schools which cling to the older tradition (like Harvard) more emphasis is still placed upon philological discipline. The arguments which the philologist advances are two-fold: on the one hand he pleads the disciplinary value of his specialty, and on the other hand, he believes that a knowledge of the development of the mother tongue and of the changing meaning of words is essential to good writing and literary interpretation.²¹ He points out that the history of the world is in some sense written in its words; and that, since the material of literature is words, the advanced student ought to learn something of the laws which apply to the development of language.

The disciplinary argument does not seem to me to possess the weight which it once had, since the development of a superior precision in literary history and bibliography secures much the same ends; and the argument is furthermore open to the usual objections against studies pursued as a discipline—objections which apply equally to bibliography and literary history, the necessity for which, however, rests upon different grounds. Certainly the historian and the critic of literature will alike benefit from some acquaintance with the laws of language development; and, if our training is to be effective, the necessity of acquainting the student with the literature of the Anglo-Saxon and Middle English periods points to two minimum essentials in linguistic subjects. It seems to me therefore that courses in Old and Middle English may legitimately be required of all doctoral candidates, and if there is opportunity for education in the development of Modern English, I can not see that reasonable objection can be made.²²

But I very much question whether the requirement of Gothic, Old High German, Old Saxon, and the like can be defended in the case of the literary student. Of course, if philology is pursued as an end in itself, the situation changes, and the problem must be handed over to the philologist. But with reference to the typical

²¹ See in this connection the admirable little book by Charles C. Fries, *The Teaching of the English Language*, New York, 1927.

²² It seems to me also that a course in general philological methods, such as is sometimes taught under the caption of Comparative Philology, is desirable.

student in English literature most universities tend to agree upon Old and Middle English as minimal; and properly taught (and the teaching of these courses is constantly improving), these subjects seem to me quite as humane and valuable as courses in criticism or literary history.

The tendency of some critics to minimize philological attainment is a result of the too complacent adoption of the German conception of the Ph.D., against which, since the World War, we have inevitably reacted; but it is a tendency not without its weaknesses. Aside from the question of values to be found in some conception, however elementary, of language development, the inability of students to move easily in the Anglo-Saxon and Middle English literatures is unfortunate from the point of view of a sound knowledge of literary history, and, what is more, of philosophical values. What I may briefly call the mediæval point of view held the European world its thrall for a thousand years; and if the participation of England in the literature of Europe during those centuries was not as important as that participation later became, it is a great mistake to slur over this important epoch of human development. Here again, I can but feel that our critics are making a grave error; for, while they theoretically admit the desirability of understanding mediævalism, their emphasis is more fully placed upon the classic past (or, to speak more accurately, those writers in the classic past who alone appeal to them) and upon such modern writers as seem to them in the "great tradition." If I understand them aright, the mediæval point of view plays no very important part in that tradition; if they admit Chaucer to the canon of the great tradition, it is not because Chaucer is a mediæval figure but largely because he is not; and in their varied books I find no enthusiasm for the values of mediæval romance, mediæval drama, or mediæval philosophy, and none for the rough and lusty life of the middle ages. They will immediately deny that they share the eighteenth century delusion as to the long night of the Gothic past; and yet the spectacle of those thousand years, though it does not provoke them to antagonism, certainly leaves them cold. At the same time the extraordinary interest in the re-interpretation of the mediæval past which the foundation of The Mediæval Academy of America represents, points to a renewed sense of the importance of the

thought and life of this period; and since the only approach that the graduate student in English usually has to the mediæval point of view is through the courses in Old and Middle English, we can not sacrifice these essentials.

I have so far confined myself to the instrumental disciplines of graduate study, preferring to postpone my treatment of the literary content of that study to a subsequent discussion. I do not see that any of the three instruments I have discussed—the time-sense, the bibliographical methodology, and a minimum requirement of philological discipline—can be omitted from the program. At the same time it is fair to say that these are not very interesting matters in themselves, and that their study postpones the approach of the student to literary values. For while it may be theoretically desirable to keep the student for an indefinite time enrolled in graduate study, it is practically impossible; and since at one end we must cut off from his free activity the time and energy required to master these instrumental disciplines, and at the other end cut off another portion of that activity for the preparation of his thesis (and, while the character of the thesis is frequently discussed, no one, as far as I know, has suggested that it be abolished as a requirement for the doctor's degree), it is evident that we are limiting the possibility of a purely literary, a purely "critical" approach. But I can not admit that any portion of what I have outlined may be omitted from the training and discipline of the graduate student without damage so serious to the end and purpose of graduate training as to negate its value—that end and purpose being, as I understand it, the discovery and statement of essential truths regarding literature as it has been written by men.

[To be concluded]

by L. G. Hartley

THE SACRED RIVER

STREAM OF CONSCIOUSNESS: THE EVOLUTION OF A METHOD

WITH the publication of James Joyce's *Tales Told of Shem and Shaun* (a copy of which, plus personal translation rights, may be purchased for the sum of twenty dollars from the Black Sun Press of Paris) literary critics pause a brief moment in an interesting preoccupation with the "New Humanism" to hark back to the equally engaging and nebulous subject of the stream of consciousness. The average book-reviewer uses "stream of consciousness" glibly, for the phrase has long been a stock expression in discussions of the modern novel. Yet, it is remarkable that few critics have troubled themselves greatly to explain either the origin of the phrase or that of the method for which it stands. Mrs. Katherine Fullerton Gerould, writing several years ago on the subject, dismissed the origin of the expression as a trifle of no value. The origin of the method she did not so treat so lightly. Others have been less conscientious. Herbert Gorman, in writing a preface to a popular edition of *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*, merely mentioned in a sweeping statement the influence of Flaubert and Henry James on the new novel. He referred weakly to Edouard Dujardin's *Les Lauriers sont coupés* as a possible literary ancestor of the works of Joyce, but he entirely neglected the possibility of English forerunners with the sole exception of Dickens in his treatment of Alfred Jingle—a judgment which Mr. Gorman did not assume as his own but which he credited to D. B. Wyndham Lewis.

Yet, in spite of their lack of a genealogist and in spite of the persistent stigma of abortiveness attached to them by conservatives, the products of such exponents of the new realism as James Joyce or Mrs. Virginia Woolf may lay claim to an ancestry that is not without distinction. Their position in the general pattern of the novel is also none the less plainly marked.

It is patent that fiction was in the beginning objective, dealing solely with the external. It is almost as obvious that this marriage with objectivity has been one of the most indissoluble aspects of fiction. Witness the long line of evolution from primitive attempts at story telling, through the epic, through the metrical romance, through the prose romance and the picaresque novel, to the novel of Samuel Richardson. There is not a step (though giant steps they are) in which there can be noted the slightest movement away from purely objective material. However, Richardson made a definite turn toward subjectivity. He, with his rich and prodigious knowledge of human nature, delved into crannies hitherto untouched and revealed, as no one before had done, the "minds" of his characters by the amassing of objective details. But he, of course, was guilty in no such way of psychological analysis as such. He managed to keep his details purely external and, consequently, must be regarded as a master in the art of delineating human nature—the objective phenomenon—rather than of the human mind.

With the elevation of character to a place of ascendancy over action, the novel became distinct from the narrative of adventure—especially in so far as it became a form in which the characters were not explained by the action but in which the action was explained by the characters. This shifting of emphasis, coming as the result of the most interesting of literary accidents (Richardson had intended *Pamela* to be nothing more than a model letter writer), was the inception of realism. The realistic novel, however, did not come rapidly to maturity. The "realism" of Fielding and Smollett, in fact, leaned heavily toward the picaresque and was largely realism because, unlike the sentimentalism of Richardson, it recorded both good and bad. Yet Fielding and Smollett were able to make a Tom Jones or a Roderick Random emerge triumphant even from a welter of incidents and thus to keep character etching a primary emphasis.

In passing from the novel of Fielding and Smollett to that of Sterne, one is naturally confronted with the question of structure. From the beginning, it may be observed, the novel has been in structure one of the most elastic of literary forms. The widely imitated epistolary novels of Richardson were built on the thinnest

of outlines, and they conformed to their outlines in the most casual way possible. Fielding paid more attention to structure, while Smollett was content to build most of his novels loosely about the borrowed framework of picaresque tales. But Lawrence Sterne gave the elasticity of the novel its final test—and proved it to be infinite. Sterne's bold experiment was so much in advance of his time that an attempt to classify him with his contemporaries proves somewhat difficult. It would be less difficult to hail him as a charter member of the "cult of incoherence".

Although the statement that *Tristram Shandy* was the first stream of consciousness novel would doubtless be challenged as inaccurate, it would not be impossible to read into the novel evidence to support the contention. Many objections to the statement would hinge upon technicalities involved in a definition of "stream of consciousness". It is also true that Sterne's own explanation of his plan may be cited as a salient negative argument. But one may have cause to wonder whether or not such an argument is conclusive. The abandon with which Sterne followed the vagaries of his ingenious mind would counterargue the possibility of an explanation after the fact. The spontaneity of the work hardly supports the idea of a preconceived plan. Yet, in spite of arguments based either on technicalities or on the actual method of composition, *Tristram Shandy* evidently embodies two ideas that underlie most of the writing of the ultra-modern school: first, the realization of the discontinuity of attention or states of mind; and, second, the treatment of time as a figment of mind. Here are hints of the psychology of William James and Henri Bergson over a century before the publication of *Principles of Psychology* or *L'Evolution créatrice*. Here also are suggestions of the method of Aldous Huxley's *Point Counterpoint*, and of the novels of Miss Dorothy Richardson, Mrs. Woolf, and Joyce. However, one makes for Sterne no claim to a divine gift of psychoanalysis. Although he realized that states of mind are discontinuous, he made few inroads into the realm of the theoretical psychologist. He is, of course, not conscious of the onflowing stream of consciousness of which disconnected mental states are a part. Sterne is also not without explanation in terms of the literary traditions of his age. First, there is obviously the influence

of the picaresque novel. Sterne used the picaresque form, deftly making a substitution of materials. He simply allowed attention instead of action, to become picaresque and to skip about here and there in a will-o'-the-wisp sequence of adventures. In so doing he created the picaresque novel of the mind.

But after Sterne mind waited long before becoming *artis materia*. It was not until George Eliot that the so-called "psychological novel" novel came into being. As a reaction to the Kantian philosophy of the Romantic Period and as a natural parallel to the rapid advance of science, there had come positivism. George Eliot, steeped in this new philosophy, conceived the idea of probing the mental background of her characters for an explanation of their actions. Motive, then, came to take on an importance commensurate with action or character. The step was an important one. But the method of character portrayal remained objective, for the character did not through his own means reveal his mind. The author, assuming god-like qualities, simply stepped behind the character's mind, overheard and analyzed his thoughts, and emerged triumphant in the discovery of motive.

George Meredith and others carried on the tradition of George Eliot. But even before her death, psychology had begun expanding into something vastly more than is implied in the term as she used it. Nineteenth-century psychology, with its rigid mechanistic and deterministic tendencies, was becoming broadened and liberalized. Man was no longer to be "mentally a sort of automaton, operating continuously from birth to death, furnished constantly with new material by the senses and endlessly combining and recombining this thought substance according to immutable relationships quite beyond the control of the ego." The psychology of Ward, James, and Bergson broadened its scope to include a study of the semi-conscious and the sub-conscious, and to restore (as James expresses it) "the vague to its psychological rights." A revolt against reducing life to a formula naturally came with the realization of the true nature of the state of consciousness.

It is to William James's *Principles of Psychology* that we are indebted for the term "stream of consciousness." It is also to the same work that we are indebted for the idea which, planted

in the brilliant mind of the brother of the psychologist, produced the stream of consciousness novel. Henry James may most plausibly claim the fatherhood of the stream of consciousness novel, for it was he who first set down the thoughts of his characters exactly as they occurred. The "psychological" novelists and even some of their predecessors had overheard thoughts and reported them. But no novelist before James had entered the mind of the character with the express idea of *being* the character. In this fusion of author and character—found in James, Conrad, and to a more marked degree in Joyce and other *surréalistes*—lie both the triumphs and defeats of the stream of consciousness method.

Defined, the stream of consciousness method is the method of fiction by which the author seeks to reveal life or character by setting down the undisturbed flow of the character's thought. The process takes into account more than one level of consciousness. It is all-revealing: it presents the character's inhibitions, his hidden urges, his subconscious impulses. The effect is that of a presentation of a cross-section of the hero's mind at work. Series of images, connected or disconnected, important or unimportant, are shifted before the reader's eye as bits of colored glass are shifted in the kaleidoscope. The patterns formed are patterns that are the natural result of the natural and unimpeded movement of thought. But only the images are set down—not the patterns. Rhetoric, itself, becomes merely a tool of thought and knows no other syntax than that of the mind. The novel becomes an amorphous record of cerebrations showing no conscious effort on the part of the author to analyze or to arrange. It is the reader who must turn the kaleidoscope and determine the patterns that the novel will present to him.

The theory underlying the method is not difficult. "The subliminal world," as Professor J. L. Lowes has stated it in his remarkable book on the mind of Coleridge, "is not . . . architectonic at all. In it impression disintegrate, and move together, and coalesce . . . in endless flux." However, the question that arises in criticism is whether the recording of the flux of consciousness should be the concern of the psychologist. There also arises the question as to what the novel actually gains by becoming super-realistic. The contemporary *surréaliste* will defend his po-

sition in a way that is at best only cryptic. No very satisfactory answers may be expected from his quarter. However, it seems obvious that what the novel gains in subtlety of effect, it certainly loses in clearness and concentration. The tendency toward obscurity is no less plain than the tendency toward triviality—a natural outgrowth of the rejection of the principle of selection. And the New Humanist has little trouble in finding ample evidence to support his charge of the lack of universality. No one could be farther from Aristotle than Joyce.

It is, of course, not to be inferred that the stream of consciousness novel lost all sense of form in James. Loss of all pretensions to objective architectonics came later. Although James in such novels as *The Ivory Tower*, *The Finer Grain*, and even in *The Golden Bowl* leads his readers into such mazes of syntax as to lose some of them completely, he usually allows one to divine the rather solid outlines of his super-structure. It was the earlier Conrad who, in pursuing his master with too much zeal, succeeded in plunging his readers into an unpleasant near-chaos without more than the slightest hint of structure for guidance. But as the syntax of James became more erratic, the style of Conrad moved toward clarity. Consequently, Conrad's greatest novels can be said to owe little to the stream of consciousness method.

Whereas both James and Conrad used the stream of consciousness as a means to an end, their successors have used the method as an end itself. The *surréaliste* does not use the "stream" to give forward movement to his plot or to determine attitudes of his characters. Joyce, Miss Richardson, and Mrs. Woolf turn psychologists and pathologists, and seem almost solely concerned with the presentation of a patternless collection of psychological details. The novel, therefore, emerges as little more than a psychological notebook with the mind of the character as the only guide for the arrangement of details.

The gap between James and the *surréaliste* group is widened by the recent penchant for psychopathology. It is Henri Bergson's *Psychopathology of Everyday Life* that is largely responsible for the focussing of attention upon psychological minutiae and for the introduction of the vogue of inhibitions and repressions. The later influence of Freud and Jung has not only given mighty im-

petus to the psychopathological craze but has caused much of the resultant literature to turn on a note of eroticism.

The three names that have for over a decade been most prominently associated with the stream of consciousness novel are those of Miss Dorothy Richardson, Mrs. Virginia Woolf, and James Joyce. In several senses, Miss Richardson is the forerunner of both Mrs. Woolf and Joyce. It was in 1916 that she published two novels, *Pointed Roofs* and *Backwater*, in which she employed a method described as "thinking aloud." These novels were followed by *Honeycomb* in 1917 and by *Revolving Lights* in 1923. Mrs. Woolf had written two novels—*The Voyage Out* (1915) and *Night and Day* (1920)—before she made her entry in 1923 into the field of the stream of consciousness novel with *Jacob's Room*, a work in which the rambling through memory is peculiarly reminiscent of *Tristram Shandy*. In the year of the publication of *Pointed Roofs* James Joyce published *Dubliners*, a book of sketches and *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*, a novel. However, it was the publication in Paris of *Ulysses* (1922) that gave Joyce a pivotal position among novelists of the new school. Since that time he has been the high priest of *surréalisme*, and his name and the stream of consciousness method have been regarded as almost synonymous.

Joyce's development in itself presents a rather interesting study in evolution. The novelist began with George Moore and the French realists as his masters. *Dubliners* very plainly shows these influences. In *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* Joyce began to break his former literary ties and to launch definitely into stream of consciousness fiction. This "painful autobiography of a sensitive soul" very fascinatingly follows the developing mind of the hero, Stephen Daedalus, from childhood to early young manhood. In the novel one may see ample evidence of the technique that was to be employed even more boldly in later work: the disregard of rules of punctuation, the rejection of anything that approximates orderly sequence, the breaks from scene to scene without transition, the changes from the first person to the third. There may also be observed a marked cloacal tendency—a tendency that later grew into an obsession. In attempting to present a full picture of life, the novelist deals with aspects ordinarily

barred from conversation and intercourse even by very lax modern decorum.

The next step in the Joycean novel was a logical one. During the period between 1916 and 1922 there developed in the mind of the novelist the perfectly obvious theory that an accurate and full record of the thought processes of a character could not be extended over a period of years, or even months or weeks. The result was the much-discussed *Ulysses*, the record of the contents of the mind of Leopold Bloom for the extent of one day. Whatever else may be said about *Ulysses*, one must admit that it is as a laboratory record of the flow of consciousness about as complete as it could be. It is, in fact, so complete that it is officially barred from both the United States and England. However, the Paris publisher of the novel, Miss Sylvia Beach (daughter of a Presbyterian minister of Princeton, N. J.), has encountered no great difficulty in bringing the volume before readers on both sides of the Atlantic.

Although *Ulysses* caused a great furore in the world of criticism, it did not revolutionize fiction. The fact that it was banned from England and America and that bootlegged copies sold (and still sell) for rather exorbitant prices naturally limited its audience. Aside from that, the technique of the novel itself precluded any hope of general popularity. However, the influence of the work has not been small. In 1925 Mrs. Woolf, taking pains to keep safely on the side of delicacy and decorum, repeated Joyce's performance in *Mrs. Dalloway*—a record of the life of Clarissa Dalloway on the day of her memorable party. On this side of the Atlantic *Ulysses* has at least been partially responsible for the enlistment of some of our most distinguished talent in the ranks of the stream of consciousness novelists. One of the most indefatigable of the American recruits is Sherwood Anderson, who turned to subjective fiction from previous work that had shown his remarkable gifts as a *raconteur*. Other recruits are fairly numerous. One may mention among the most prominent Joseph Hergesheimer, Willa Cather, and that most brilliant light among the younger novelists, Ernest Hemingway.

Before the publication of *Ulysses* Joyce, for several years an exile from his native Dublin, had settled down in Paris. The

publication of the novel drew an enthusiastic group of admirers and disciples about him. Since 1922 he has remained in Paris the center of the brilliant and erratic group of artists and litterateurs who found expression in that organ of the ultra moderns, *transition*.

For the past two years there have appeared in *transition* installments (the first and third sections, and a part of the second) of Joyce's latest novel, tentatively called, *Work in Progress*. Two parts, *Anna Livia Plurabell* and *Tales Told of Shem and Sham*, have been published in book form, while *A Fragment* has been announced to be forthcoming. These three volumes will comprise less than half of the colossal work that has been projected. When it is completed, *Work in Progress* will in several ways mark a further stage in Joyce's development. As far as it can be judged from the parts already published, the design of the work takes into account the dreams, nightmares, and confused recollections of H. C. Earwicker—a Norwegian, former postman, shop-keeper, hotel keeper, at present employed in a brewery. Earwicker is a married man whose past has not been without moral blemish. In his dream he is haunted by thoughts of his indiscretions and by the figure of a girl, Anna Livia Plurabell. From these bare and unsatisfactory details, it is plainly evident that Joyce's projected *magnum opus* will follow the stream of sub-consciousness rather than that of consciousness.

An extended application of the theory that led Joyce to leave the last forty pages of *Ulysses* innocent of punctuation caused him to hit upon the idea of superimposing and telescoping words. His style has become (if I may crib from Miss Rebecca West) a sort of *paté de langue gras*—a word paste the use of which adds gloriously to the unintelligibility of his writing. C. K. Ogden in his introduction to *Tales Told of Shem and Shaun* explains that Joyce aims at the concentration of the language of the Eskimo—a language in which, it is said, the word *Iglupakulia* means: "The big house which he built for himself and still possesses and which is no longer as good as formerly." But, unfortunately, Mr. Joyce's language, like that of the Eskimo, is as difficult as it is efficient. "The Ondt was a welltall fellow," runs a passage from *The Ondt and the Gracehoper*, "raumybult, and abelboobied, bynear saw

altitudinous wee a schelling in kopfers. He was sair sair sullemn and chairmanlooking when he was not making spaces in his psyche on his ikey, but laus! when he wore making making spaces on his ikey, he ware mouche mothst secred and muravyingly wisechairmanlooking." Taken in small quantities the prose of the latest Joyce may be deciphered with some painstaking effort. It requires little ingenuity, for instance, to figure out that *sullemn* embodies the meanings of both *solemn* and *sullen*. However, the task is not so easy when larger quantities and less objective passages are involved.

As to what the next development in the stream of consciousness novel will be, there can hardly be a prediction. Joyce, according to the latest newspaper dispatches, is fast loosing sight from eyes that have long been overworked. Clad in white like a surgeon, he still writes laboriously with his large red pencil. In case of a total loss of sight, Joyce will, on account of the nature of his work, probably be unable to dictate to friends or to a secretary. He has already declared his intentions, it has been reported, of assigning the task of completing his monumental work to his friend, James Stephens. In such an event, the stream of consciousness method will be in capable hands, under whose guidance it may be expected to carry on.

by Robert L. Morris

WINGS OF GOD'S CHILLUNS

THE MODERN BALLAD REVIVAL

WHEN Joseph Addison wrote eloquently of Chevy Chase ballad, he was making historic copy. Nowadays, should a contemporary journalist try the same thing for say a version of "Frankie and Johnny" or "Casey Jones", he would be laughed out of editorial circles and scorned from the press. Let his intentions be ever so sincere, he would be lost. Such an act of faith and honest judgment would be scorned as none other than gross stupidity. The parallel is, of course, absurd; and the causes are rather obvious.

They extend no farther into history than the last ten or fifteen years, and lie in the unprecedented activity on the part of all classes to set up for collectors of ballads and folk songs. Each year sees the contributions extending to a monumental scale, and each month witnesses the publication of this or that collection from an obscure or never-before-heard-of press. Indeed, it seems that the mania has so taken hold that presses are established for the sole purpose of presenting the world with a true copy of culture as it is practised in Podunk. On every side the activity continues and is likely to do so, for there are highways and byways a-plenty in our broad and fertile land. Thus the prevalence of such work with its cheapening effect on the product would seem to reduce the inept effort of our journalist to the ridiculous. There is too much of the product and everybody is too busily creating it to give attention to much ballad propaganda. Whereas, in other days, the flawless Augustan was a pioneer; he was introducing popular taste to a rarity in literature.

Now, we see no critiques on individual pieces. We see few attempts to evaluate the rising tide of folk-lore in our land. Nor are there questions as to the authenticity of many specimens. It is a healthy, whole-hearted manifestation, somewhat similar to the earlier movement in England and somehow strangely allied to current literary practices.

Like much of the literature of today, its interest centers in its intense localism. It is loaded with peculiarities of custom, quaint ways, and provincial humor. Reaching far into the past when men wore swords and fared forth on milk-white steeds, many of these grotesqueries strike us with the delight of the truly sensational. There is something about these revelations that, however debauched from the original, they excite within our weary breasts vast wonder and amazement. They succeed best when exploiting a peculiar group or locality, presenting odd, eccentric habits and traditions. And the more peculiar the group and eccentric the habit the better. For the life stuff of the ballad enthusiast is the unusual. This, it is supposed, was ever the first reason for interest in ballads at all. Lacking this longing for the far-away, quaint, and unusual, there would have been no eighteenth century ballad revival and no Romantic Movement of which it was so inextricably a part.

Another unusual quality of the movement today is its collectors and their fearless honesty. Unlike their eighteenth century predecessors, very few make any pretensions at being "literary." They profess no grave intentions of enriching literary history or in enlarging the cultural horizon. Housewives, school girls, college students, teachers compose the rank and file of contemporary collectors. It is true, of course, that literary scholars have not neglected the field and have produced excellent works therein; such a volume is Cox's *Folk Songs of the South* and White's *American Negro Folk Songs*. Most of the collections, are, however, the work of unskilled and non-technical collectors.

Nor is this an objectional feature. On the contrary, it indicates a wholesome interest in individual localities and traditions. It hints at the beginning of social self-consciousness in a land where such has never been known before. The method of collecting, then, is quite simple. A generous *femme de famille* has been studying at her Wednesday charity club a course in folk-lore prepared by the state university, whereupon it occurs to her that her grandfather used to sing strange songs. She recalls them, writes them down, questions her old neighbors, servants, farmers, tradesmen. Soon she has a respectable collection, and it forthwith appears in print, doing honor to her name and the club she represents. All of which shows a kind of patriotic pride that is pardon-

able because it seems so spontaneous. And, in addition, the collectors of Americana have another specimen.

But striking is the candor with which these popular, as opposed to the more technical, collections are presented. It seems that these virtuosos are at all costs bent on revealing the truth about their localities. They are at considerable pains to have us understand that this is the way the songs were sung—verbatim and that they are authentic transcripts of the singer's performance. Moreover, we are informed in lengthy prefaces that these are perhaps the only surviving versions and that it is only out of deep reverence for the old ways and days that the songs were salvaged at all.

Frequently the prefaces are heavily charged with emotional throbbings on this score as collectors wax dithyrambic over their own dear homes. Such bare-faced confessions, such willingness to admit association with these lowly ways of life is an unusual condition in our literature. Heretofore, it has been the manner of authors and annotators either to ignore the meek and humble ways of American life or to treat them with condescension. And perhaps some of the more professorial collectors continue to do so, but now it would seem a kind of praise to have an uncle or a grandfather who can sing,

Chicken foot three necks an' a gizzard,
Gi' me a gal as slick as a lizard.

The occurrence is something new in American literary consciousness, and I think it arises from no other source than the innumerable urges for self-expression which beset so many in these trying times. Having tried, perhaps, the creative way and failed or maybe not having had the courage to try, these collectors have found adequate lanes of expression in the depressing jumbles—many of them—which they turn out in the name of folk-lore. Another cause of this popular collecting is the current taste for the strange, grotesque, and individual. Failing to find these qualities in the most abandoned imaginations of fiction writers, the hungry searcher can turn to current folk-lore anthologies and perhaps find his wants satisfied—not by the impossible fictions of novelists but by what purports to be true and factual.

Significant as a social attitude, this mania for popular collecting has been confined to a rather restricted area; the Southern Appalachians, the South Central States, and the New England States being the districts most carefully combed. There is much, therefore, still to be done, and surely there will be many valuable contributions. So, out of the mass appearing within the last decade or so, a few works might be mentioned—by way of review. Various is their common attribute.

Among the few unique collections is *Soldier Songs from Yankee Doodle to Parley Voo*, which appeared last year. It is the only kind in its class, and is a real contribution to the literature of the so-called occupational song. The compiler has tried to preserve and resurrect soldier songs and to give the army and veterans' organizations a singable collection of their songs. It includes not only soldier folk-songs but all those songs popular with soldiers in several wars. Another group of distinctly occupational songs is *Ballads and Songs of the Shanty Boy*, 1926, which reveals the inner nature of Michigan, Wisconsin, and Minnesota lumbermen as no romance could ever do. The preface is informative and stimulating.

Regional groupings are represented in the East by Eckstorm and Smyth's *Minstrelsy of Maine*, 1927. In the preface, which is appreciative and important, the collectors declare that these ballads show the Maine man "particularly in his role of pioneer, as working to make a something of æsthetic interest to himself". Another work in this class is the always popular and ever good *Songs of the Cattle Trail and Cow Camp*, 1919. Somewhat similar is Finger's *Frontier Ballads*, 1927, with an enthusiastic commentary carrying the texts through four picturesque classifications, viz., Hard-cases, New Mexican Troubadours, A Night in a Bar-room, When American is Gringo. And Kennedy's *Mellows*, 1925, does for the songs and street cries of New Orleans what parts of Gay's *Trivia* did for London. There is a fine appreciative commentary throughout the book. Extensive as these representatives reveal, and although many collections have been omitted or neglected, yet many sections of the land have not been sufficiently canvassed for distinctions of traditions and customs.

The section apparently most prolific in folk-songs is, of course,

the South, which as every one knows, was the first home of our singing forefathers from Merrie England. These chants of woe and wonder have been discovered in numerous versions among the hill folk; and many distinguished collections have appeared. Campbell's *English Folk-Songs from the Southern Appalachians*, 1917, is one of the earliest and one of the best as far as native tunes are concerned. Professor Cox's volume, mentioned above, which was published in 1925 is the most complete and scholarly of the southern collections. Smith's *South Carolina Ballads*, 1928, is likewise a careful piece of work with an excellent introduction discussing ballad origins and the history of ballad scholarship. One of the earliest and best of this group is Wyman and Bockway's *Lonesome Tunes from the Kentucky Mountains*, 1916, with musical scores. Some of these songs have achieved the distinction of concert and music-hall stage. In the preface the collectors seem to have established the rule for all subsequent collectors when they "wish it to be primarily an impression of Kentucky music—that is to say songs reproduced as nearly as possible as we heard them by the people regardless of extraneous origin and defects."

But the most prolific of all are, of course, the negro folk-songs. That these are a distinct contribution to American culture cannot be disputed. But that the negro folk-song movement is of recent origin is open to question. As long ago as 1869 there was a book copyrighted called *Slave Songs of the United States*, one of the collectors of which was none other than William Francis Allen. It was reprinted in 1929. A statement from the preface seems quite timely. "All, indeed, are valuable as an expression of the character and life of the race which is playing such a conspicuous part in our history." In 1925, Scarborough's *On the Trail of the Negro Folk Song* gave us an amusing account of the methods of song-collecting among the negroes, and no doubt inspired others to undertake the highly diverting business. A few of the classifications suggest the scope of the work; Dance songs and reels; Children's game songs; Songs about animals; Work songs; Blues. *Lost Spirituals of the Charleston Negro*, 1928, is characterized as "the melodious vibrations of those simple souls whose voices are stilling fast". In Handy's *Blues; An Anthology*, 1926, there

is certainly a permanent addition to the history of negro song. "Handy," says Edmund Wilson, "has not only laid under contribution blues and spirituals already developed, but has seen the value of all sorts of scraps of music and poetry picked up in all sorts of corners." Nor should the rollicking volume *Gentlemen, Be Seated*, 1928, be rejected because its "colahed gemmen" songs may not be authentic.

In Odum and Johnson's *The Negro and His Songs*, 1925, there is a thorough and analytical discussion of negro song. This was followed a year later by the same collectors' *Negro Workaday Songs*. And Johnson's comprehensive volume, *American Negro Spirituals*, 1925, is truly a labor of love. In the long and enthusiastic introduction the collector would "term this music noble, and I do so without any qualifications". True race experience is achieved in these plaintive tunes and mournful tales. And enduring emotions are revealed in such as,

I got a-wings, you got a-wings,
All God's chilluns got a-wings;
When I get to heab'n,
I'm goin' to put on my wings,
I'm goin' to fly all ovah God's heab'n,
Heab'n, heab'n . . .

The most thorough and scholarly treatment of the subject is White's *American Negro Folk Songs*, 1928. The collector tells us that all his material came either by word of mouth or in manuscript, that he rejected all from printed sources. Each song is accompanied by all extant variants somewhat similar to Child's arrangement, though on a smaller scale. The classification is on subjects religious, social, animal, work, rural labor, about women, recent events, the seamier side, race consciousness, blues.

Of the works which attempt to survey the results of this phase of the collecting instinct, Miss Louise Pound's *Ballads and Folk Songs*, 1922, is perhaps of first importance. The little volume has an excellent introduction for the beginner or general reader, and it cannot be long neglected by anyone interested in American song and story. Another collection, interesting for its quaint array of old time popular songs is *Weep Some More My Lady*, 1927. In this the editor says he is just beginning to realize that "a vast and

congenial fraternity of old song enthusiasts exists in America to-day." Nor should Sandburg's *American Song Bag* be overlooked. This collector, amazingly conversant with the homelier features of our life, has given us almost 300 songs and ballads with musical accompaniments. The work, intended for popular taste, is a laudable attempt, a not too detailed survey of the musical and literary genius of the American common folk.

Much has been written of ballads and folk-songs as factors in national art. They have been set beside the greatest artistic creations. Many critics would believe with Andrew Lang that, "Ballads are voices from secret places, from silent peoples and old times long dead; and as such they stir us in a strangely intimate fashion to which artistic verse can never attain." Whether any specimen of the present flood of American songs and ballads will do as much is debatable. But of one thing we are certain; the present agitation indicates a growing social consciousness, a feeling that after all, America has a past, not so much in heroic gestures as in quiet, unlettered things; and we are not ashamed of them. The flood is likely to continue with such diverting contributions as Haymaker ballads, Bootblack ballads, Bootleg ballads. And I await with unalloyed expectancy the first announcement of "Chansons from Chicago Gangland."

by *W. B. Hesseltine*

LOOK AWAY, DIXIE

I'LL TAKE MY STAND: The South and the Agrarian Tradition. By Twelve Southerners. New York: Harper's, 1930 . . . 359 pp. . . . \$3.

Since the days of the Civil War, and even before that direful conflict, the denizens of the erstwhile Confederacy, have been particularly prone to praise and exalt the Southern way of life. Cheap novelists, visionless rhymesters, motion picture intellectuals, and writers of advertisements, have seized upon the broad verandas of the mythical manor houses of the old South and burst into rapturous paeans of praise for a civilization which never existed. Such people, confusing the pseudo-aristocracy of the old South with the landed gentry of England, and endowing them with unpossessed and undreamed virtues, have done a real harm to the South. They have served to create in the minds of southern people a false concept of the social order, and they have made the south appear rather ridiculous to the rest of the country. Southern people, remembering the novels and the movies, have attempted, by adopting eccentricities which the novelists have said were characteristic, to live up to the expectations of outsiders. There are even said to be "professional" Southerners who stand at attention while the band plays "Dixie," and interlard their conversation with references to "befo de wah."

The real south, which existed before the war, and has partially continued down to the present time, was quite a different thing from this sentimentalized caricature. There was a south, a south that still exists in places, which possessed distinctive characteristics, and a mode and method of life essentially different from that of the rest of the country. It was a land of simple people, with simple arts and leisurely graces, with pride of family, and a love of kin, and withal a gracious, almost lazy, carelessness for the economic standards of the businesslike north. It is this south which the authors of this book seek to present and to preserve; and if they but succeed in convincing the southern people that the

old south was not a land of broad verandas which stunk of lavender and old lace, they will have rendered a real service.

The south which actually existed, in that time now made roseate by distance, was a community based upon an agricultural economy and living close to the soil. Its vaunted aristocracy, with the possible exception of a few old and wealthy families of the tidewater, was a "squirearchy"—the product of frontier conditions and definitely "on the make." Moreover, but a small group of the southern people were even of the "squirearchy." The real tone and color of society in the old south was given by the yeoman farmer, owner of a few acres, possessor of a few slaves, and master of his own destiny. Though the 'squires held the political offices, and occasionally forgot his interests in seeking their own, and though novelists and mythmakers have neglected him, the yeoman farmer was the dominant factor in the old south. He it was who objected to abolitionism, he who profited from the doctrine of states' rights, he who voted the democratic ticket, and finally it was he who fought, bled and died in the armies of the Confederacy.

Although the contributors to this symposium spend but little space in defining the social system which the yeoman farmer produced, they are on solid ground when they ignore the lavender-and-old-lace tradition, and deal with this hitherto unknown south. The stand which they are taking in this book with its song-borrowed title is that the south of the yeoman farmer, with all of the fine culture which they attribute to it, is being threatened by the southward march of the industrial revolution. In broad terms, the south faces the problem of succumbing to the machine age or making a definite effort to preserve the agrarian way of life. Herein twelve southerners, already yclept "The Young Confederates," take their stand against industrialization.

Opposition to the age of the machine, with its emphasis on production, its lack of consideration for human beings and its crushing effects on individualism, is not particularly new. Beginning with the Luddite riots and continuing to this present volume, there has been a mighty army of philosophers, poets, laborers and reactionaries marching in the crusade against the mechanical devices of the modern age. As far as their diatribes against industrialism

are concerned, these Young Confederates have nothing to say which has not been better said many times before.

But if there is nothing new in their antipathy to industrialism, these young intellectuals are certainly making a startling contribution in offering the social system of the yeoman south as a substitute for the machine age. Fearful lest machinery shall displace the leisure of the south, the Young Confederates, in the most humorless series of essays that has been published for many a day, take up the cudgels in defense of the agrarian tradition.

John Crowe Ransom, professor of English, poet and recent author of "God Without Thunder," throws the opening spitball against the machine age. Opposing the flux and instability of modern life, he condemns the twin doctrines of progress and service, and praises the old south as a place where there was stability and "establishment". "The establishment had a sufficient economic base; it was meant to be stable rather than provisional; it had got beyond the pioneering stage; it provided leisure, and its benefits were already being enjoyed." In order to regain this "establishment" the southerner, according to Prof. Ransom, should "arouse the sectional feeling of the south to its highest pitch in defense of all of the old ways that are threatened," and reanimate the democratic party with an "agrarian, conservative, anti-industrial" program. After this interesting pair of suggestions, Donald Davidson, also a poet and literary editor of this book, discusses the low state of the arts in an industrial society. True art, he asserts, is not encouraged by art museums and there "are more and more poems about the difficulty of writing poetry being written." He, too, proposes deposing industrialism as the regulating god of modern society, and suggests that the provincialism of the south be restored as the only life an artist can find congenial.

F. L. Owsley, historian, recounts the story of the struggle of industrialism and agrarianism which culminated in the Civil war. Unfortunately, the victory of the north in that war resulted in spiritual as well as in material conquests, and the professor deplores the teaching of "northern" history to southern children. John Gould Fletcher goes Dr. Owsley one better and opposes teaching the children of the south anything. An opponent of the public school idea, he proposes the re-establishment of the out-moded academy with its classical curricula as the best education

for the south. Realizing the impossibility of this proposal, he demands that education shall be directed to training the intellectual élite, while agricultural schools and manual training institutes might care for the rest of mankind in the reconstructed south. Following this, Lyle H. Lanier criticizes the doctrine of progress, renounces the capitalist program, with its attempt to industrialize agriculture, and demands the rehabilitation of agriculture and the individualism which accompanies it. Then, Allen Tate, humanist and biographer, takes the stand to announce that the south never had an articulated religion, and must, therefore, adopt political methods to save its traditional economic system.

Also against the present economic system and in favor of the yeoman economy, is H. C. Nixon, who finds stability and happiness in agricultural Denmark, and depression and unemployment in industrial England. A. N. Lytle agrees with Dr. Nixon, and deplores the arrival of the doctrine of progress on the farms. "A farm is not a place to grow wealthy; it is a place to grow corn," he asserts in condemning the invasion of the fields by agricultural machinery. Unfortunately for his argument against the progressive farmer, he makes the mistake of carrying his reader to view a typical farm of the class he apotheosizes. He milks a cow with one hand while the other holds a pail, and then he churns until the butter "collects in small yellow clods on top" of the milk. "These clods are separated from the buttermilk and put in a bowl." After the churning, one goes to a dinner of "hot steaming vegetables, all set about the table, small hills around the mountains of meat at the ends, a heaping plate of fried chicken, a turkey, a plate of guineas, or a one-year ham, spiced, and if company is there, baked in wine. A plate of bread is at each end of the table; a bowl of chitterlings has been set at the father's elbow, and pigs' feet for those that like them." In the evening, after the work is done one goes to a "play-party," where the swains and gals play games. All of this sounds so interesting that one is almost tempted to follow the exhortation to "throw out the radio and take down the fiddle from the wall. Forsake the movies for the play-parties and the square dances. And turn away from the liberal capons who fill the pulpits as preachers. Seek a priesthood that may manifest the will and intelligence to renounce science and search out the Word in the authorities." One is al-

most tempted—until one remembers that one left the farm because such food was only served when the city cousin was visiting, and that no one ever milked a cow that way.

The other contributors to the book have little to offer in the way of elaborating its fundamental thesis. Robert Penn Warren believes that the negro problem will be solved by a return to agrarianism, and John Donald Wade breaks into fiction to tell the story of one man who struggled against industrialism—and died. Henry Blue Kline also goes into fiction to present a character who sought a cultural and cultured society—and found it in Nashville. Finally Stark Young brings up the rear guard with a picture of Coolidge as the cultureless boor who is the typical product of industrial society. And at the end he asks if "Publicity, Success, Competition, Speed and Speedways, Progress, Donations and Hot Water" are the end of man's living?

With many of these viewpoints, the intelligent student of the southern problem will find himself in sympathy. Agriculture remains the basic industry of the south, and a too rapid transition from an agricultural to an industrial order of society will inevitably produce a host of evils which may well invalidate any benefits which may be derived from the exchange. However, the Young Confederates of Nashville make themselves a little ridiculous in apotheosizing agrarian culture, and elevating the yeoman farmer to a pedestal. Agrarian culture, as any one reared on a farm will tell them, is almost a contradiction in terms, and the average farmer of the south most certainly is undeserving of a pedestal. Moreover, this is not only true of the south at this present moment, but it has been true throughout the history of the section.

At no time in its history, from Jamestown to Dayton, has the American south been other than a horrible example of the spiritual failure of agrarianism. Before the Civil war its sturdy yeomanry produced no poets worthy of the name, they created no statues, and they erected no cathedrals. Their philosophers, their scholars, and their thinkers were pitifully few. Although they produced politicians and army officers in abundance, the careers of these, directed as they were into anti-social channels, are not particularly worthy of praise. Since reconstruction, the record, al-

though somewhat better, is still not very conclusive that the south can make a consistent contribution to the art of the world. Its spokesmen in the legislative halls have been Vardamans, Bleases, and Heflins, with just enough admixture of Wilsons and Pages to lend color to its claims to respectability. Its poets—present company excepted—have added but little to the lustre of the section. Its novelists, themselves largely the products of the most industrialized sections of the south, have drawn their nourishment from New York. With but few exceptions, its universities are inferior to those of the north, and its school systems are backward and chaotic. The places where these things are not true are those places which have succumbed to the drugging influence of industrialism. Agrarian society has failed even more dismally than industrial to foster the arts, which, throughout human history, have been the products of the cities rather than the rural regions.

One other mistake which these southerners make is their attitude toward the coming industrialism. However worthwhile their attitude of skepticism towards industrialization might be, they are making a mistake in adopting a policy of obscurantism. Most of them realize that the industrialization of the south is inevitable, and it would be better for them to face that fact, and attempt to make the most of it, rather than to adopt an ostrich trick and stick their heads in the soil.

If the south in its industrialization is going to preserve some of its distinctive characteristics, it must consciously attempt to deal with the existing situation. The south has the opportunity to regulate industry before industry gets a strangle hold on the section. It is in a position where it can profit from the experience of the rest of the nation in such matters as the relations of capital and labor. It can consciously adopt a policy which will make great aggregations of capital responsive to social needs, and endow corporations, by process of law, if need be, with a social conscience. None of these results can be obtained by a policy of obscurantism, or by fostering a spirit of reaction. To quote one of these Young Confederates against himself, Donald Davidson has

given poetic expression to this idea in his "Sod of the Battlefields!"

The U. D. C.'s still meet
Indomitably, despairing of their granddaughters.
The Union is saved, Lee has surrendered forever.
Today, Lorena, it is forbidden to be
A Southerner. One is American now:

But, however much this is to be deplored, the southerner declares:

This is my body and spirit,
Broken but never tamed, risen from the bloody sod,
Walking suddenly alive in a new morning.

The south has the opportunity to arise from the bloody sod of her past, and walk alive in the new morning, but the battle cry of that awakening can never be the reactionary, "I'll Take My Stand," but must be the next verse of the song—"Look Away, Dixie Land."

by William S. Knickerbocker

THEOLOGICAL HOMEBREW

GOD WITHOUT THUNDER. An Unorthodox Defense of Orthodoxy. By John Crowe Ransom. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Company. 1930 Pp. 334.

The first phase of the battle of Fundamentalism against Modernism was fought at Dayton, Tennessee, resulting in a victory for Fundamentalism, so far as Tennessee is concerned. But it also resulted in creating a prophylaxis, or mental defense, in the minds of modernist scoffers against the reasonableness of the Fundamentalist position. Fundamentalism at Dayton was strictly limited to only one aspect of Modernism: to evolution, or more properly, to Darwinism. Mr. Ransom's "God Without Thunder" institutes the second phase of the Fundamentalist cam-

paign by going further than biology in its attempt to destroy the "prophylaxis" of modernism. Mr. Ransom concentrates his fire on the primary and organizing principles of modern science, particularly upon mathematics and physics.

This book, therefore, is one of the most challenging books of the moment and should be placed on the book-shelf next to Whitehead's *Process and Reality*, Krutch's *The Modern Temper*, H. L. Mencken's *Treatise on the Gods*, and Harry Elmer Barnes's *The Twilight of Christianity*. It is an answer to all of them by one who is seriously fighting the battle of orthodoxy against unorthodoxy. Whether we like it or not, it sets the questions which intelligent and reflective people must answer, not only with the head but with the heart. It is concerned with the most vital of all themes: the inscrutable mystery of God. By an intricate process of reasoning, it reveals the limits not only of modern science, but of those principles which certain scientists are attempting to substitute for orthodox theology, and which some pseudo-scientists are boldly substituting for the orthodox God. It sounds the tocsin of revolt against natural science which, in its pride, supposes it can possess the earth and control nature; and at the same time it sounds the clarion cry against all of the enemies which science has bred; not least of which is the capitalist, industrialist, modernist society which we have all taken so long for granted.

Mr. Ransom, who has hitherto been known to the general public as a poet of no mean order, is here shown to be a brilliant philosopher with an intimate acquaintance with modern thought in most of its aspects. He is an acute reasoner and his most unyielding opponent must, if he be fair, grant that his effort is stupendous. For he starts from zero, so far as recent philosophy can offer him support, and scales the battlements of the enemy to raise the banner of the inscrutable God of the Old Testament. In a striking quotation from Comte, he points out that the service of philosophy has been critical, not creative; that the function of the philosopher is not that of prophet but that of dialectician. He is both destructive and creative. By his masterly employment of all of the devices of modern philosophy he sallies forth like David to slay the Philistine.

The title of the book indicates its two chief purposes: to criticize the modernistic conception of "God Without Thunder" (or those secular principles which are popularly being received as a substitute for theology); and to exhort readers to return to orthodoxy. The material is divided into three parts, sandwiched between a letter to "S. M. H." and an epilogue, "by way of a program". Part I is entitled "The Dynasty of Heaven Changes" in which Mr. Ransom notes the ascendancy of what he calls "The New God"; he describes both it and the "Old God", or the God of orthodoxy. In this section he delineates "Satan as Science" and "Christ as Science": that is to say, the destructive tendencies of science, and the tendency of science to set itself up as the savior of mankind.

The second division is entitled "The New God's Limits". It consists of four chapters in which the author scathingly demolishes faith in what science has produced (namely, the urban, industrial system of modern capitalism) and also he reduces to an absurdity the supposition that science can penetrate the ultimate mystery or even foretell or control what any particular item of nature does or will do.

The third division, entitled "Ghosts: Including the Holy" moves from a criticism of physics and industrialism to a criticism of the audacity of mathematics and physics in attempting to pierce the mystery of nature and it also criticizes the theological doctrine that the Holy Ghost proceeds from Christ. Mr. Ransom believes that theological orthodoxy consists in restoring the Source of the Holy Ghost to the inscrutable God of the Old Testament.

This, briefly, is a description of the weapons with which this valiant David goes forth to slay the Philistine. But does he slay him? He does, if one accepts Mr. Ransom's conceptions of philosophy, science, industrialism, religion, and of orthodoxy. But I accept none of them. To discuss each of them even briefly would take too much space and be too complicated and abstract for a review of this kind, and I shall therefore limit myself to the most important. Religion is not what Mr. Ransome thinks it is, nor is orthodoxy what he defines it to be.

Concerning, first, his notion of religion. The several definitions of religion which Mr. Ransom proposes are each of them

open to serious objections, quite aside from the fact that they seem to contradict or cancel each other. Thus, on page 136, he says, "Religion is an order of experience under which we indulge the compound attitude of fear, respect, enjoyment, and love for the external nature in the midst of which we are forced to live", and on page 116, he says, "The religion of a people is that background of metaphysical doctrine which dictates its political economy."

Thus, the first seems to say that religion is the effect of one's total attitude, because it is an "order of experience", and experience usually means that which accompanies events or is the cumulative effect of them. The second seems to state that religion is, if not the cause, then the background (whatever that may mean) of "metaphysical doctrine which dictates [a people's] political economy." of course, a shrewd thinker like Mr. Ransom could, by a little exercise of ingenuity, reconcile the notions that religion is both cause and effect; but the point I should emphasize is, that Mr. Ransom has not. Both definitions are vague, questionable, and ambiguous.

But aside from ambiguity in these two sample definitions is the absence of mention of God in the definition. If this book were not devoted to "an unorthodox defense of orthodoxy", I should not place any emphasis on the matter, but the usual orthodox conception of religion makes some provision for God. Elsewhere, to be sure, (indeed, at the beginning of the book) Mr. Ransom defines religion in its "usual" sense, though he fails to indicate whether or not he himself accepts this "usual" sense. "We mean by religion usually," he says, "a body of doctrine concerning God and man. But the doctrine which defines God, and man's relation to God is really a doctrine which tries to define the intention of the universe, and man's proper portion within this universe. It is therefore his fundamental philosophy . . ." It may be, for all I know, that this is the "usual" meaning of religion. Perhaps Ransom means "metaphysics" or "theology". But "usually" (certainly among discriminating thinkers) religion is distinguished from both metaphysics and theology, though there may be unexpressed metaphysics or theology in any religious manifestation. If we may depend upon Webster's Dictionary, for instance, as an indication of what is "usually" meant by religion, we find there

that it is "an outward act or form by which men indicate recognition of a god or gods to whom obedience and honor are due; the feeling of expression of human love, fear, or awe of some superhuman or over-ruling power; a system of faith and worship; a manifestation of piety." By contrast, Webster defines theology as "the science of God or religion; science of the existence and character of God and his laws; divinity." Mr. Ransom therefore probably means theology when he is speaking of religion.

Unless I am greatly mistaken, however (in spite of the fact that I am supported by Webster's Dictionary), religion in this part of the world specifically means the Christian religion. And the Christian religion does not happen to be what Mr. Ransom proposes as orthodoxy. What he proposes does not happen even to be good Judaism.

Now that brings up the matter of what Mr. Ransom thinks "orthodoxy" is. He leaves the term sufficiently indiscriminated in his sub-title so that it would not be unreasonable, after having read his book, to understand that he means by it "my" doxy or "my" teaching. He defines orthodoxy in two ways, but cleverly connects them by an interpretation which bears on it strong marks of Mr. Ransom's marvellous creative imagination.

"Orthodoxy", he says, "... is ... such a religion as that of the Eastern or Orthodox Church. Perhaps a little less, it is that of the Roman and Anglican Churches, and perhaps still less, that of several non-conformist communions." Orthodoxy, that is, may be measured by the relative historic antiquity of the various Christian communions: the oldest is the most orthodox, the next oldest just a little less, and so on. (Elsewhere, in ambiguous terms, he seems to imply that the more Oriental one is, the more "orthodox" he is. If this be true, then orthodoxy has some unexplained relationship to geography. The further east you go, the more orthodox you become.)

Again, elsewhere with less ambiguity in various ways and in different contexts, Mr. Ransom defines orthodoxy as belief in the "inscrutable God of Israel". The difficulty in bridging the chasm between the orthodoxy of ancient Israel and the Eastern Orthodox Church is solved by the double-barreled method of ascribing a sense of the Holy Ghost to the Jews, and by laying considerable

stress on the fact that the Eastern Orthodox Church refused to concede that the Holy Ghost emanates from Christ (in the famous *filioque* controversy) by insisting that He emanates solely from the Father. But the connection is made possible only by understanding orthodoxy in either application, or in their fusion, to mean "my" or Mr. Ransom's doxy. He does not state here or elsewhere, the source of his authority; and unless he did not wish to weary the competent critic or reader with his sources of information, we may assume that he just made it all out of his own head. "So ingenuously", he cries facetiously on page 110, "do I believe in my own theological system! even if I see that it is decidedly of a lay and amateurish variety. (The fact is that it is a theological home-brew)."

To prove that the Hebrews had no sense of the Holy Ghost, even when they used their word *ruah*, is very difficult because it would necessitate a return to the method of history and comparative philology—both of them, unfortunately, sciences; and therefore discredited by Mr. Ransom. Nor, further, would it help much to demonstrate that "the inscrutable God of ancient Israel" was quite often scrutinized by Hebrew prophets from Samuel to Hosea: that in that scrutiny there were many aspects of the Godhead discovered which do not fall within the scope of Mr. Ransom's orthodoxy.

Unfortunately, Mr. Ransom seems to restrict the Holy Scriptures to the first few chapters of Genesis because he gives no evidence of acquaintance with the other books of the Pentateuch or of the Old Testament. When he speaks of the "inscrutable God of the Old Testament" what he means is, "the inscrutable God of the first few chapters of Genesis" in the light of the interpretation given by John Milton in *Paradise Lost*. But even in the first few chapters of Genesis, there are two quite different concepts of the Godhead disclosed: one of them is a universal god or gods; and the other is a tribal deity. But that is known only by the method of "higher criticism" which is a science; and therefore it is of no moment to Mr. Ransom.

Unfortunately, too, for his notion of "orthodoxy", Mr. Ransom in exercising his orthodoxy has created another kind of higher criticism which may be even more dangerous to genuine ortho-

doxy than the physical, philological, and metaphysical sciences he has so brilliantly demolished. His science happens to be what the Greeks would call "mythopoeia", or the science of myth-making. I seriously doubt whether any religious person, certainly any Christian would consent for the moment to the definition orthodoxy which makes up Gods as one went along for his own private purposes.

But Mr. Ransom's notion of orthodoxy, I submit, is certainly not what is historically, nor now generally, understood to be orthodoxy. The official orthodoxy of Christendom is stated in the creeds of its ecumenical councils, from the first recorded in Acts XV to the last one. Certainly the Nicene Creed, of which the Eastern Orthodox Church refused to sanction the phrase *filioque* (about which Mr. Ransom makes so much fuss), must, according to Mr. Ransom's definition of orthodoxy, be considered orthodox by his own conditions. But when I compare its orthodoxy with what Mr. Ransom proposes, I fail to see the connection. The fine distinctions and discriminations of the nature, attributes, and function of God are defined very closely in the Nicene Creed: indeed, the very penetration into the character of God which that Creed reveals is a stumbling-block of offense even to many pious Christians. Or, on the other hand, when I attempt to discover the "inscrutable God of the Old Testament" in the prophets, the wisdom literature, or the Psalms, I fail to see that Mr. Ransom adequately defines the God of ancient Israel in his unfortunate adjective "inscrutable."

This is not to say, of course, that Mr. Ransom is either irreligious or an enemy to religion. He is very religious. Only his "theological home-brew" smacks of Herbert Spencer's "Unknowable", aided and abetted in its establishment by the methods of David Hume, Immanuel Kant, and Sir William Hamilton—to say nothing of Dean Mansel of Oxford. A dash or two of the unorthodox suggestions of Henri Bergson makes it very attractive.

So much for Mr. Ransom's notions of religion and of orthodoxy. Had I space, I should examine his conception of both philosophy and science. I think I could demonstrate that he fails to discriminate there, also. He apparently limits philosophy to European varieties; to speculative metaphysics, or to epistem-

ology, or else to destructive dialectics. At no point does he indicate, however remotely, the existence and validity of thinking as a process of contingency. Whatever is constructive in his discussion resolves itself into the Vaihinger method of *als ob*, which is almost conceded on page 79: "The realm through which metaphysics and religion would conduct us is the realm of *als ob*, *As If*." The realm is, therefore (to use Vaihinger's own name for it), the method of Fictionalism: one constructs the truth that one needs. Perhaps this throws light on the cryptic definition of orthodox religion as Mr. Ransom gives it, "The religion of a people is that background of metaphysical doctrine which dictates its political economy." If one were radically opposed to the existing political economy, and wished to return to a more primitive state, it would be necessary under the conditions of modern accommodations to construct a theology which would provide the emotional infusion for a new economic evangelicalism. This is Mr. Ransom's peculiar employment of Vaihinger's technique of "As if".

Apparently what excites Mr. Ransom in the present state of theological and philosophical thinking is precisely what shocks Mr. Paul Elmer More: "the Demon of the Absolute". Only, Mr. More's humanistic dualism differs from Mr. Ransom's. Mr. Ransom is distressed by the dualism or the pluralism of the modern mind. He finds its specialization of function highly revolting, but he faces the dilemma of making religion dispense with science in order to secure a unified metaphysics or religion, by reducing science to an absurdity; or of making religion swallow, or accommodate itself to, science. Mr. Ransom solves his problem by preferring the first method.

What, then, is the conclusion? Though I have not been able (solely through lack of space) to prove that Mr. Ransom does not understand what is going on in the efforts to integrate science and religion, (in its deeper aspects), I think I have demonstrated that Mr. Ransom fumbles with familiar terms: or, if he does not fumble, he deliberately re-defines old words in new ways and then proceeds to confuse the two, in order to establish his highly original theses. But even if we accept his subtle reasonings, his remedy is worse than the disease he so skilfully diagnoses. Mr. Ransom, apparently, has no conception whatever of the Old Testa-

ment being fulfilled in the New in the satisfying revelation of God in Christ, nor can his emphasis on the inscrutability of God be found in any of the creeds of Christendom. He may find infathomability there, but not inscrutability.

Further, Mr. Ransom's criticism of certain scientists may be justified, but the attempt to understand something of God by studying nature, including all life, is not to be condemned (see Romans 1:20); that the men criticized are gradually swinging science away from its former materialism certainly has significance, that the regard for human welfare, in connection with better understanding of nature, be not deplored, and, finally, that the way out is not backward, but forward. Placed like the Children of Israel in the Desert, uncertain whether to go up to the Promised Land or turn back to Egypt, Mr. Ransom seems to have preferred the latter. The Promised Land for Christians, certainly, is to recapture Jesus Christ's vision of the Kingdom of God on earth.

On these grounds, I assert that Mr. Ransom's book, far from being a defense of orthodoxy, is a repudiation of the Christian religion, in its doctrinal and practical aspects. A much better title for it would have been "Thunder Without God".

by Cary Breckinridge Wilmer

EXEGESIS INTO INSIGHT

CHRIST IN THE GOSPELS. By Burton Scott Easton, S.T.D., Professor of Literature and Interpretation of the New Testament, General Theological Seminary. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Pages x, 207. \$1.75.

Among Biblical critics, the author of *Christ in the Gospels* is conspicuous for his intellectual honesty, as well as for the range and accuracy of his scholarship—if it is not presumptuous for this reviewer to say so. If I feel bound to point out a certain limitation in his method, it will be from a standpoint one may occupy without having to qualify as an expert in New Testament criticism. There is ground which the humblest may share with the learned; and there is room for the criticism of criticism. As a branch of

science, "criticism" has its inherent limitations.

The volume before us is noteworthy for two new features. In the discussion of the Mandaean literature and of the old Russian version of Josephus, we have material which, as the "jacket" tells us, "is not accessible elsewhere in English". Both of these features are valuable for their information outside of the synoptic tradition; and of almost sensational interest.

Professor Easton's discussion of the Mandaeans is fascinating and important. "The Mandaeans", he says, "are a religious group inhabiting Mesopotamia and numbering, according to various calculations, from two to ten thousand or more souls. . . . What makes them important to us is that they claim as their founder no less a person than John the Baptist. . . . Their records tell of the baptism of Jesus by John". This is important as bringing historical testimony, tradition, at least to the support, not only to the "historicity of Jesus", but of that of John and of the baptism of Jesus by John. John, according to the Mandaeans, "was very reluctant to perform the ceremony because he detected that Jesus was an impostor. He therefore refused at first but was overruled by a heavenly voice directing him to baptize the deceiver; he obeyed, after pledging Jesus to strict obedience to his teaching, but Jesus broke the pledge and all manner of false doctrine was set loose in the world." (With this, Matthew iii:14-15).

The point about Josephus is that the existence of a non-Greek version of his *The Jewish War* was "practically unknown to the Western world until . . . 1893"; that there is as yet no English translation (in full); and that it contains interesting statements about Christianity not in our other version. (The references to Christ in the ordinary "Josephus" are known to be interpolations).

Though both of these items of information are extremely interesting they do not compare in importance with our author's discussion of Jesus from the modern critical point of view. Before coming to "Jesus and the Law", followed by "Jesus and the Father", "Jesus and the Kingdom", and "Jesus", there are four chapters devoted respectively to "The Synoptic Gospels", "The Pre-synoptic Tradition", "The Non-synoptic Tradition", and "The Background". Especially important is the bringing back of "the

oral tradition", advocated by Westcott as long ago as 1860 (*Introduction to the Study of the Gospels*) but not adopted because of "the wrong method pursued by Westcott". The net result is that in part at least, "we have reached a solid foundation; we are brought face to face with the historic teaching of Jesus"; and the same is true of the Passion narrative. The chapter on "The Background" contains an indisputable discussion of "Talmudic Judaism as evidence for Palestinian teaching during the ministry of Jesus". The significant conclusion is reached that "since Judaism has no meaning except as the developed religion of the Old Testament, we have no possible right to fix on Pharisaic scribism as its sole legitimate type in the first century". Also, writers on the Trial of Jesus have ignored the question of the date of certain legal methods among the Jews; and, Professor Easton thinks, later Judaism was actually influenced by Jesus himself. In answer to the charge, voiced by Dr Schechter, that Jesus' denunciation of the Pharisees recorded in St. Matthew's Gospel (xxiii) was unjust, Professor Easton says: "I believe I am not putting it too strongly when I say that if Dr. Schechter had been alive in Jesus' day, he would have joined him in denouncing Pharisaic tenets and practices."

But in such a book, we turn with greatest interest to learn what is the author's interpretation of the Kingdom of God in the teaching of Jesus; and of Jesus himself as Messiah, with application to the so-called "Social Gospel" of today. The future of Christianity is going to turn, it is not too much to say, on our answers to these problems. According to Dr. Easton, Jesus taught a "double soteriology", or means of salvation. Jesus expected that the saints of old and John the Baptist could come to God in one way, while his own disciples would tread a different way. The first is developed in the chapter, "Jesus and the Father"; "our starting point is Jesus' teaching that God is willing to welcome a penitent sinner *despite incompleteness of amendment*; "the humble soul, conscious of its sin, and faithfully—even hopelessly—making confession to God, receives immediate pardon." But more than that, there is the Good Shepherd who goes out for the lost sheep. "With the Rabbis, God, although ready to welcome the penitent, waits for the sinner to come to him; in Jesus'

teaching it is God who goes out to seek." This is the point developed more at length in *The Real Jesus*, in which Professor Easton collaborated with Bishop Fiske. In the chapter, "The Heart of the Gospel" (which turns out to refer to the Fatherhood of God) nothing is said about the necessity for any atonement. And the same is true of the discussion in *Christ in the Gospels*.

After pardon, penitents are expected to "make good". This is the ethic and the soteriology of Jesus for class number one: the saints of the Old Testament and of John the Baptist. But "his own disciples would tread a different way". As for the first class, "neither this ethic nor this soteriology utilizes Jesus' promise of the nearness of the coming Kingdom, nor do they refer to Jesus' promise of the nearness of the coming Kingdom." But Jesus said, "The Kingdom of God is at hand"; which meant, "the end of the world is at hand" and "could not possibly have had any other significance. And the overwhelming mass of Kingdom passages in the Synoptists containing this eschatological force is notorious. . . . Jesus expected the consummation within the lifetime of his own generation." Of this kingdom, he, Jesus, was to be the King. For that claim he was put to death, but by a perversion of his meaning as to the kind of King. And faith in this King was their entrance into this kingdom. "Final salvation, no doubt, they might have won otherwise, but to these disciples Jesus had given more than final salvation. Through their devotion to him they had received even in the present world a true share of the life and powers that belong to heaven." Then, after his death and resurrection, the apostolic preaching "proclaimed that he was in contact with earth as well as with heaven; at first in a visible presence, and then enduringly through the Spirit." And the book ends on the high note: "Those who throughout the centuries have shared the faith of the disciples have found themselves in contact with the same source of power and life."

Professor Easton occupies, as he says, a position intermediate between the strict eschatologists like Schweitzer, and the "social gospel advocates"; those who would make of his kingdom-mesage: "He expected by his teachings, life, and death to release in the spirits of men and human institutions social forces which God could use to transform the world into a place more in accord with his will" (quoted by the author from *The Genesis of the*

Social Gospel, by C. C. McCown). On the contrary, says Professor Easton, "The Kingdom of God that Jesus preached and expected is purely transcendental, and its full descent into the present aeon would mean not the transformation but the wreck of all that man calls 'the world'; the beginning of a new age wholly discontinuous with social evolution."

What can one say in the presence of this interpretation? So far as Jesus teaching two separate doctrines of ethics and soteriology (the one based on the Fatherhood of God and the other on loyalty to himself) is concerned, I make but the one remark that "final salvation" and the Kingdom of God, in Jesus's sense, ought not to be made to mean two different things; and that faith in Jesus is either necessary for the whole human race, as a means of entering on the highest plane of being, or is not necessary for anybody. "No man cometh unto the Father but by me" is in the Fourth Gospel, and may not command the assent of Professor Easton, but is either true for all or not true at all.

Again, Professor Easton has assured us that God will accept the penitent sinner, but he has given no attention to the question as to what repentance means, in its fullness and depth of meaning; nor, further, to the question whether repentance (as lining up intelligently and wholly with the highest thought of God) is possible without faith in the crucified and risen Christ; whether, in short, there is not continuity between the "repent ye" of Mark i:14-15 and that of Luke xxiv:47. Nor has he solved the problem of the attainment of goodness required by his soteriology of the Fatherhood of God. Regeneration plays no part in this ethics or this soteriology; yet its necessity is implicit in the Sermon on the Mount itself.

What seems to me lacking both there and in his interpretation of the Kingdom of God is appreciation of the fact and necessity of the Holy Spirit; alike in Christ and in his disciples. His whole interpretation is too entirely critical and rigidly exegetical to the exclusion of life itself. I suppose that Professor Easton would challenge my right to quote John vx 26-27 as the words of our Lord; and yet I venture to say they express the truth of the matter: "when the Paraclete is come, whom I will send unto you from the Father, even the Spirit of truth, which proceedeth from the Father, he shall bear witness of me; and ye also bear witness be-

cause ye have been with me from the beginning." The only sound apologetic and the only true interpretation of the two testimonies: that of the early witness (and in the examination of these witnesses Professor Easton has showed himself past master) and that of the testimony of the Spirit, which becomes experience and insight. In trying to understand and explain "How did Jesus know these things?", Professor Easton deliberately set aside, without mentioning, the solution that lay before him in the Scriptures he is construing: the indwelling spirit of God (pages 178 ff.).

In expounding the nature of the Kingdom of God, he deliberately rejects the testimony of life itself, in favor of his own exegesis. Commenting on a quotation from Dr. James Orr in Hastings' *Dictionary of the Bible* on the meaning of "The Kingdom of God", he says: "As an expository and theological definition, best corresponding to the Synoptic concepts as interpreted by the light of historic Christian experience, these statements of Orr's would be widely accepted today, but very few scholars would now defend them as true exegesis. We have learned too much about the vocabulary of New Testament Judaism, especially as moulded by apocalypics. Jesus used 'Kingdom of God', not as a new creation of his own, but as a term perfectly familiar to his hearers, as something that every school-child could define" (page 159). That Jesus exhausted his ingenuity (so to speak) in trying to get illustrations that would make his disciples understand what he meant (Mark iv:30) and that they did not and could not understand until regenerated by the Spirit poured after Jesus's death, resurrection, and ascension: that the very definition of the Kingdom, as given by Saint Paul, is "righteousness, peace, and joy in the Spirit"—all this is deliberately and in express terms, set aside in favor of an exegesis which is itself far from compelling.

One notes, too, Professor Easton's rejection of the explanation previously given (in *The Real Jesus* by Bishop Fiske and Professor Easton), of "there are some of those who stand here who shall not taste of death until they see the Kingdom come with power", viz., the destruction of Jerusalem in A.D. 70, accompanied by a sweeping into the world of a new spiritual force at whose centre would be Jesus himself (page 141). That change of opinion is his privilege. (Compare, for example, the statement of Professor

Ernest Findlay Scott in *The Gospel and Its Tributaries*, recently published: "It becomes evident . . . the more we study the thought of Jesus, that he used the apocalyptic only as a sort of pictorial language. His message is in no way dependent on those fanciful conceptions, current in his time"; and again: "It has to be recognized, too, that the forms in which he clothed his message were inherited. Those apocalyptic ideas must not be confused with the message itself. Even in Daniel and the Book of Enoch they are plainly half-symbolical, and the imagination is free to play around them and modify them at will" (pp. 46, 65).

And when it comes to insight, something much deeper than scholarship, there are profound suggestions in *Jesus, Man of Genius* by J. Middleton Murry, bearing on the meaning of the Kingdom and its relations to time and eternity: "It is, in very truth, a mystery—impossible to understand, simple to know. . . . Only the reborn man, or the man in whom the rebirth has begun, can comprehend Jesus' teaching of the mystery of the Kingdom of God. . . . To define and classify Jesus' thought is impossible; it has to be seized by an act of imagination from the vantage-point within. Then it becomes irrelevant to ask whether Jesus conceived the Kingdom of God as supernatural or natural, timeless or in time. There is no answer to such questions, because Jesus' mind moved on a plane where such antitheses have no meaning. Men were to become sons of God; . . . If they would become sons of God, they and things would be changed."

If, in spite of all this, one must meet the demands of the scholar and the exegete, then to the text let us go. Jesus added something to what John the Baptist had said when he talked, as John did not, about a certain piece of "good news". And when he said "repent ye", he did not mean "repent"; he meant, *Change your minds, your thinking*; and to what, if not to the kind of Kingdom, or rule of God, which he would progressively unfold to them by his teaching? That, he proceeded to do by parables (minimized by our author) and by demonstrating the power of the Kingdom in teaching and healing, and doing every thing for the whole man—everything, that is except the one thing he must postpone. And that is—regeneration.

And, finally, when it comes to the question with which we are

concerned—What has all this to do with the twentieth century and all succeeding centuries?—we are not to left up in the air, or with a merely individualistic ethic. The “social gospel” need not be the godless thing Professor Easton would make it, which no doubt it often is. Mediating between a religion of high grade sociology, on the one hand, and eschatology on the other (between secularism and “other-worldliness”) lies the Holy Spirit; the Spirit of Jesus Christ, humane and spiritual; and our task is to get that Spirit into our own hearts and into all human relationships.

“Thy Kingdom come: thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven.
Give us this day our daily bread....”

by Elizabeth D. Wheatley

POETRY PROPAGANDIST

POETS AND POETRY. By Amy Lowell. Houghton Mifflin Company, Riverside Press, Cambridge.

Virginia Moore writing of women poets in the *Bookman* for July, 1930, says of Amy Lowell that “she sounds shallow like rain on a tin roof.” The indictment is in a sense just, but I should rather have said that Amy Lowell, as a poet, sounds like rain on hedge leaves, leaves that twitch and glisten under the shining impact. And one can feel the streams of water running down stems and trunks of hungry roots. Some people have depths of feeling which are apparently expressed only in surface values. Amy Lowell was one of these, but in the glittering images of her poetry there is both intensity and suggestiveness; and behind her simple prose there is critical acumen in no small degree, and that depth of fine feeling that makes the truly genial critic.

Poetry and Poets, a posthumous collection of critical essays is a book for Miss Lowell’s friends, for all those who are willing to look beneath her occasional solemnity, and showmanship to the woman of intuitive genius. The bringing to printed life of writing which an author’s death has left unpublished may sometimes work injustice. The first four essays in this book seem to be such

an injustice to Amy Lowell's memory. Three of them sound like lectures to an immature audience, and the fourth is evidently an effort to whip into shape, certain thoughts on cultural education. Very good thoughts they are, for the teacher, and librarian.

Following the four inchoate essays, are eleven more finished and valuable. These eleven treat of Amy Lowell's literary ancestors Whitman, and Emily Dickinson, and of several of her contemporaries in modern verse. This is all intimate and informal work, persuasive in intent. The author, in the midst of informality, preserves her Olympian firmness of opinion. Her case for Imagism and cadenced verse is presented with the impact of reasonableness, and with the penetrating and reposeful charm of plain writing. One may not agree with Amy Lowell, but one cannot fail to be lured.

The essays on D. H. Lawrence and John Gould Fletcher are the ones which I should most confidently recommend to the general reader. We know too little of Lawrence, the poet of sensuous significance, and of Fletcher, whose canvases of Pre-Raphaelite color have spiritual value deeper than their bright surface. In speaking of Edwin Arlington Robinson, Miss Lowell makes a statement that is well borne out by his *Tristram*, printed after her death. She says, "when the human element is for any reason weakened to his mind" (by a remote subject, let us say), "melodrama runs foaming over the story."

It is in the treatment of Whitman as a Platonist that Amy Lowell's theory of art is presented. She says a thing which is perhaps no newer than Aristotle, but will bear restatement. In effect it is this: the qualities of life which must be presented by the artist, are not only goodness and nobility, but also complexity, beauty, marvel, intricacy, wrath, terror, strength, glory, a multitudinous consummateness that will never lend itself to art for art's sake, or to art for morality's sake.

by Elizabeth D. Wheatley

GANDHI AND INDIA

MAHATMA GANDHI, HIS OWN STORY. Edited by C. F. Andrews. Introduction by John Haynes Holmes. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1930. \$2.50. Pp. 372.

PROPHETS OF THE NEW INDIA. By Romain Rolland. New York: Albert and Charles Boni. 1930. \$5.00. Pp. 603.

THE CASE FOR INDIA. By Will Durant. New York: Simon and Schuster. 1930. \$2.00. Pp. 228.

INDIA, THE LAND OF THE BLACK PAGODA. By Lowell Thomas. New York: The Century Company. \$3.00. Pp. 350. 1930.

DISILLUSIONED INDIA. By Dhan Gopal Mukerji. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. 1930. \$2.50. Pp. 224.

It is unfortunate that Mahatma Gandhi has chosen to write his own story. To the autobiography of every great and good man clings a taint of Pecksniffery, which is not here avoided. Gandhi is, moreover, a man without art. His simplicity is often merely baldness. No leader has ever held prolonged influence, who was not in himself the source and inspiration of a great art. Whether Gandhi will so inspire men remains to be seen. There is danger that in his fanatical asceticism and piety there will lurk more harm than ever was bred in Puritanism. It must be admitted, however, that Gandhi is both a great and good man, and that present events in India have been largely moulded by his hand. We in the West are not interested in Gandhi because he is a holy man. Most of us are bored with his being so holy. What we are interested in is the fact that he represents, reflects, and brings to a sword point in himself, awakened vigor, courage, and self respect among the Indian peoples. They wish no longer to be the supine servants of an Empire, but to make their own fate, however dreadful.

The introduction to Gandhi's book, written by John Haynes Holmes, is the best part of it, although it, also, stresses too much the saintliness of the Mahatma. To the western mind, says Holmes, Gandhi must be represented as a successor to Leo Tolstoi, in an unbroken line of saints and seers numbering such other men as Isaiah, Jesus, and St. Francis. I object. If we must have an

unbroken line of seers, let it be Rousseau, Tolstoi, Franklin, and Emerson. For nearly forty years, twenty of them spent in South Africa in the aid of indentured servants, Gandhi has attempted to teach his people the ideals of Christian living, "intelligence, constructive good will, creative love, and self sacrifice". He is not a Christian. Like Romain Rolland, he has searched through the mysteries of all religions without embracing any. He has three words which describe his whole theory of morality: Ahimsa, or non-violence, Bramacharya, or chastity, Satayagraha, or Soul-force. In South Africa his campaign of non-cooperation, non-violence, and relief to the suffering enemy, was signally successful in winning for the oppressed Indians, necessary political redresses. His teachings in India have so far been attended with disaster, the Amritsar Massacre, the Moplah uprising, the painful treatment and imprisonment of his followers, and the imprisonment of himself. It is obvious that Gandhi's greatest influence is among his own people, the Gujratis, trained through centuries of their religion in the practices of non-violence, and gentleness to all living things. The Gujratis comprise a very small portion of the population of India. Gandhi cannot rely upon the other Hindu races, and the Moslems to follow his teaching. At present he seems a creature swept away by the currents of political and military necessity, as Jesus was swept away by the tides of Rome and Judaism. His life and social experiments must be of supreme interest to the western world which watches, not without apprehension, the awakening of 320,000,000 people. One hopes that he will not become a god, for the burden of India's gods is very heavy.

In prophets of the New India, Romain Rolland has exhaustively described the lives and teachings of Ramakrishna, an avatar or incarnation of Rama, and his apostle, Narendranath Dutt, called Vivekananda. This is a large book, printed on thin paper with copious foot-notes, made mostly of material which it would have been more logical to include in the text itself. If Gandhi has no feeling for the arts, Rolland has too much. His book is over balanced to the point of hysteria by his artistic sensibilities. It can interest only mystics, theosophists, and possibly poets. As in *Jean Christophe* the great metaphor is that of a river of

God, receiving tribute from the lives of men, and in this case, from all the great religions. Rolland is a lover of rivers; their liquid perfection flows in his style.

Will Durant has said that Katherine Mayo's *Mother India* is the unfairest book ever written. His own *Case for India* is very nearly as unfair, and equally ill timed in its publication. Will Durant is a man well known for having subjective emotions, rather than sharp logic. In this book his emotions are roused to bitterest prejudice against English rule in India, and correspondingly as he becomes furious, the magnetism of his pen and personality desert him. This is a book that weeps and rages: its force is spent in a storm of sympathy. India, says Will Durant, is the mother land of our races; Sanskrit is the mother of our language; India is the mother of our philosophy, our Christianity, our self government, and democracy. "At no time in history has India been without a civilization". And at no time in history has India been without bloody uprisings of race against race, without obscene and ghastly rites of religion, without an oppressed class of laborers in field and village, sacrificed to rajahs, as to Britain. If one is to read Durant's book, let him confine himself to the sketch of Gandhi's life in which there is sympathy, with a modicum of moderation.

Who can now be trusted to tell the truth about India? Reading the next book, Lowell Thomas's *Land of the Black Pagoda*, and finding the identical events that were described by Durant, here given a different version and interpretation, one is painfully bewildered. The difficulty of coming to a just opinion on the Indian question returns with greater force. Thomas's book seems not to be propaganda. It is simply journalism, and rather delightful at that. The mystery, and enchantment of India, its beauties and terrors are described as the writer saw them through a two years' journey, from Cape Comorin to the Vale of Kashmir, from Travancore to Bengal. The book, journalistic though it is, is a distinct relief from the heated and fanatical partisanship of the three above. It will probably be much more popular than these, and one hopes it will counteract their violent anti-British feeling. The prevailing impression left by the book is exactly that which would be made upon any average Westerner travelling in the Orient, bewilderment, fascination and fear.

The first three books here reviewed may be said to fail, at least partially in their objective of arousing the sympathies of America for India against England. Not so the last, Dhan Gopal Mukerji's *Disillusioned India*. It is subtle in its partiality, and polished with Mukerji's art. Along with Kipling, Mukerji is one of the best friends India has ever had in the West, for he opens our eyes to the glow of beauty that shines even in the names of her cities. Listen to this; read it aloud: "A tall ugly vendor, full of hair on his face, like a superannuated lion, sat surrounded with silk, of Assam, Benares, Bhagalpore, Prayaga, and Shrinagar." The very magic of harps and bells is here. And so it sings through the whole book, in which Mukerji describes a recent visit to India. This visit he made to study the present psychology of the Indian people, in order to make a report of it to America. He describes how the women of Northern India have thrown off Purdah, their ancient seclusion, and are mingling in a restless and unsatisfied public life with the men. He describes how the moving pictures in India display the ancient epics of the country in such a way as to stir the people to rebellion, how the Bombay Youth League is made up of men and women, under thirty, of every caste, and religion; and how Jawaharlal Nehru and Gandhi have healed India of its disease of passive fear and have raised up a courageous generation not altogether peaceful in its intent. There are two political parties in India: the Congress party, inspired by Gandhi which declared independence on January the twenty-sixth, 1930; and the Moderate-Liberal, best represented by Sir Tej Bahadur Sapru, which sent delegates to the London Round Table Conference. Mukerji speaks of both parties without prejudice. The whole book is delightfully and delicately managed to present America with the best possible view of India. Any tedium which might result from too much politics or too much religion is relieved by humor, and by beauty like heaped up opals.

WALTER RATHENAU: HIS LIFE AND WORK. By Count Harry Kessler. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1930. Pp. 379.

Rathenau was an amazing, richly-endowed personality, a business magnate, founder of gigantic enterprises and financial combinations, a philosopher, a popular author, a man at once profoundly Prussian and profoundly Jewish. His life was tragically cut short by nationalist assassins in 1922, but not before fate had granted him sufficient days to initiate Germany's new foreign policy of reconciliation and friendly cooperation with the victorious nations. It was Rathenau who carried the German state into the calmer waters of international cooperation. He thought like an artist, he had the sure instincts of a new life that one expects in a seer, and he knew how to deliver his vision of "the coming day" like a man of science.

The biography is by a sincere admirer and old friend. But Count Kessler writes expertly, after years of research, and with understanding sympathy; he writes with a sober care for facts, explaining, revealing, and appraising the complexities of Rathenau's nature and the tragedy of his life. An amazing fellow this Rathenau! In the past, reformers were always in the opposition camp, revolutionary in outlook and in their activities. But here a new type of the business man, a philosopher of the marketplace and the bank to whom the corporate existence of society was a dearer thing than success and power, a multimillionaire with the responsibilities of a saintly man. It is hard to believe that a Rathenau lived and moved among us—so recently.

EUGENE M. KAYDEN.

AMERICAN CRITICAL ESSAYS. XIXth and XXth Centuries. Edited with an Introduction by Norman Foerster. London: Humphrey Milford; New York: Oxford University Press. The World's Classics Series. 1930.

Edited by the most urbane of the American 'humanists', this little anthology of American criticism is wholly satisfactory. Professor Foerster's brief introduction is a fair treatment of the major schools of critical theory: though it shows obviously its author's leanings, it is just and generous to rival theories. The sixteen American critics whose work is represented (Poe, Emer-

son, Lowell, Whitman, Howells, James, Gates, Woodberry, Brownell, Babbitt, More, Frye, Spingarn, Sherman, and Brooks) reveal most of the aspects of the national mind in questions of literary and aesthetic importance at their best. The selections have been judiciously made. Professor Foerster's *American Critical Essays* deserves a place of ready access near every lover of literature.

W. S. K.

AN INTRODUCTION TO MODERN JOURNALISM. By Stewart Robertson. New York: Prentice Hall. 1930. Pp 339.

Although Professor Robertson's book is designed primarily for use as a text, its appeal is to such a large audience that one is amply justified in reviewing it here. In a field that is not yet overcrowded *An Introduction to Modern Journalism* is an absorbing presentation of the tendencies that make the newspaper one of the most interesting phenomena of the modern scene. One is gripped by the sheer drama of newspaper-making—the clanging of the presses, the clink of linotype machines, the metallic staccato of telegraph instruments, the jangling of telephone bells, the awe-inspiring activity of editorial and composing rooms. But there is admirable restraint in Professor Robertson's refusal to place undue emphasis on the elements that have made *Gentlemen of the Press*, *Ink*, and *The Front Page* good "theatre". He adheres faithfully to his purpose of giving a clear-cut outline of newspaper-making and journalistic practice.

The freedom of the book from even the slightest hint of dogmatism is a noteworthy feature. The author sanely avoids any attempt to reduce journalism to formulae. He is chary of rules for news-writing and offers no short-cut to journalistic success. His only admonition to the aspiring young journalist finds expression in the words of Henry Justin Smith of *The Chicago News*: "Write; write your heads off!" However, he who would write is not left chartless in a mighty sea. Professor Robertson, having arrived at the conclusion that the most efficient guides are specimens of good newspaper writing, generously interlards the text of the book with the best models that modern journalism has produced.

If for nothing else, the book is well worth the lay reader's while as a collection of news stories. Ranging from Russell Owen's graphic description of Lindbergh's trans-Atlantic flight to the Boston *Transcript's* account of the funeral of the Negro chanteuse, Florence Mills, the stories run a gamut of human emotions. The picture of life stalking or lirting through the pages of the newspaper brings a new realization that the true realist is the reporter and that the literature of to-day is inseparably linked with journalism.

L. C. HARTLEY.

THE EDWARDIANS. By Victoria Sackville-West. New York: Doubleday, Doran, and Company. 1930. Pp 314. \$2.50.

The death of Queen Victoria and the ascension of Edward to the throne of England did not usher in a new era. Long before, death blows had been dealt what has since become known contemptuously as Victorian complacency, and manners and morals had begun to show definite signs of change. But the Widow of Windsor remained to the end a symbol of restraint, the removal of which—together with the placing of the scepter in the hands of a royal playboy—was in a large measure responsible for the gay abandon and the dissolute elegance of the period treated by Miss Sackville-West in *The Edwardians*.

The setting of the novel is Chevron—the name of which is only a thin disguise for Knole, the great ancestral home of the author. Chevron, with its seven acres of roof, numberless square yards of carved paneling, priceless portrait galleries, and centuries of tradition, is a last grim outpost of feudalism, magnificent in spite of its anachronistic status in a rapidly changing society. It symbolizes the past from whose tenacles its inhabitants, from the servants to the dashing young master, can never quite escape. Then, too, it is typical of the great English country places where in the early years of the twentieth century the denizens of Curzon street could spend their week-ends in extravagant luxury, where stores of *aubergines* and French *patisseries* were always kept against

the frequent visits of the King, and where (we are told) intrigue added that most important commandment to the decalogue of the period: Thou shalt not be caught!

Stripped to the utter nakedness of his character, there is little to admire in Sebastian, the hero of the novel. He is obviously spineless and weak. "Since one cannot have truth," he exclaims in the idiom of his day, "let us have good manners." Although he can at times see through the superficialities of the society of which he is a part, he is not strong enough to break away when Anquetil, an explorer and a symbol of the new freedom, gives him a chance. Allowing himself to accept without question the social code of his elders, he runs the gamut of intrigue from a *liaison* with the beautiful Lady Roehampton to an affair with a vulgar little model. When he becomes bored of his mistresses, he plans a *marriage de convenance* that can lead to nothing more than a hopelessly conventional existence. At this point he meets Anquetil again and suddenly decides to set off with him on an exploration. However, he is to return to England in three years to take up, we are led to presume, his old life just where he left it.

But one should not analyze Sebastian too unmercifully. He is handsome, fascinating, and brilliant. In short, he is a charming young man who, after all, is guilty of nothing more than violating a code that he does not know. Instead of condemning him, then, it would be somewhat more charitable to find him a little pathetic and a little absurd. This is Miss Sackville-West's judgment not only of Sebastian but of all the other Edwardians who pass through her interesting pages. The rich background that enables the novelist to know the period intimately also enables her to understand it. She does not reveal the sins of Edwardian society with the detachment of such a social historian as Mrs. Wharton. She is willing to let her readers see the absurdities of the period, but she does not let them get away from the consciousness of her sympathy.

L. C. HARTLEY.

WALL STREET AND WASHINGTON. By Joseph Stagg Lawrence. Princeton University Press. 1929. Pp. 468.

There have been many battles between Wall Street and the American hinterland, and many commoners have broken a lance for the Great Plains. But for the first time the Street too has its Knight, a resourceful, passionate, brilliant campaigner. The attack on the Federal Reserve Board is a trenchant piece of political polemics, for the abuse of its power and its "unenlightened and militant provincialism." It carries the suggestion that the financial community should patronize the banks remaining outside the central system, because the Plains dominate Washington and amendments are out of the question. Here is the ancient art of political invective, with maledictions and outright cursing to boot.

E. M. K.

ART IN AMERICA. By Suzanne LaFollette. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1929. Pp. 361.

This is not a work of pure æsthetics, not a compilation of unrelated facts, but a work on art in terms of our national growth and cultural aspirations, a companion to the work of Lewis Mumford, Walter Pach, and Talbot Hamlin. She analyzes the background that gave rise to our colonial art and handicraft, to our classical pretensions in the period of westward expansion, to our engineering age with its fine structural achievements refusing the services of painting and sculpture. The author finds no conscious aim or direction in the history of American art. She does not neglect the individual artist or his final product; nevertheless, she too easily generalizes about the conditions of culture and social life favorable or inimical to art. The work is stimulating, comprehensive, and brisk in style; in a sense, it is a pioneering work, seeing that we do not possess a critical survey of all art forms in America.

E. M. K.